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Nyal MEDICATED THROAT LOZENGES

### The australian

#### Our cover ---

One of the most exciting days in a girl's life of the bit the most exciting days in a girls are she always manages to look more beautiful than ever before. In Australia today, hundreds of girls are making plans for their weddings round Christmas time — a more popular date for marriage here than in Europe, where June is the traditional month for brides.

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#### The Weekly Round

Although full details of our 1958 Art Prize were announced early this year, a large number of competitors left it to the last minute to complete their paintings and made a hurried dash to the Art Gallery of New South Wales to get there before entries closed at 3 p.m. on August 30. (See story page 5.)

ONE of the last competitors to arrive was an excited teenager, who confessed that her entry was only the second painting she had ever done.

ing she had ever done.

\* \* \*

INCIDENTALLY, just before the Art Prize closed we had a letter from Michael Kmit, Sydney artist, who has been a finalist in our competition every year, and who is now in America on an extended visit.

tended visit.

Michael, who with his wife and two daughters is staying in Oakland, California, wrote to say how sorry he was that he was unable to enter the competition this year.

"I send my blessing to the happy winner," he added.

Belgian artists also are not represented this year for the first time since the competition started.

In a letter saying how sorry

In a letter saying how sorry they were to miss it, they explained: "We have been so busy working for the Brus-sels World Fair."

Overseas countries repre-sented include England, Czechoslovakia, U.S.A., Hol-land, Italy, France.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS. whose piece of entertain-ing nostalgia about the 'twen-ties is featured this week, recently visited Norman Hart-

cently visited Norman Hart-nell's salon in London.

Leafing through some of his old albums of Charleston era fashions, Hartnell said:

"If Sabrina had lived in those days, she would have been obliged to stay indoors."

Explaining this, Nichols re-calls: "The dresses of the 'twenties involved the de-signers in an arduous struggle against nature.

against nature.
"It was the battle of the brassiere in reverse; and half the dressmaker's time was spent in making intricate con-traptions of canvas and clastic to be fitted tightly over any busts that showed signs of in-transigence."

#### NEXT WEEK

• England's cele-brated Cordon Bleu cook Rosemary Hume collaborated with a doctor to pre-pare the comprehenpare the comprehen-sive feature on diet, health, and beauty that appears in next week's issue. There are diets for a better skin, for slimming, for nutting on for putting on weight, and also to increase vitality.



Bing has plans for this boy

KATHY CROSBY, thin but pretty in a lily-of-the-valley cap, is a picture of triumphant motherhood as she beams on her first-born, Harry Lillis Crosby, jun.

Bing Crosby, already the father of four sons, gazes fondly on his latest, born on August 9.

The baby is to be known as Tex, in honor of Kathy, who comes from Texas. This is Bing's wish.

As with Bing, the Harry Lillis will be for legal documents only.

Bing Crosby and Kathy were married last December in Las Vegas. It was 23-year-old Kathy's first marriage, 54-year-old Bing's second.

Bing's other sons (the children of his first wife, Dixie Lee, who died in 1952) are Gary, 25, twins Dennis and Phillip, 23, and Lindsay, 22.

Three years ago, Bing's personal fortune was estimated at £A6,700,000. He is an exceptionally able businessman, and his enterprises will give him more than a million-dollar-a-year income, even if he never makes another picture.

His most recent film, seen in Australia last year, was "Man On Fire," in which he played a straight dramatic role.

Kathy, who has made two still unreleased films, "The 7th Voyage Of Sinbad" and "Gunman's Walk," is reported to be interested in continuing her acting career.

She is not taking lightly her duties as a

mother. Before the baby's birth she attended mothercraft and home-nursing lectures at the Queen of the Angels Hospital. Bing had hoped for a girl. He has been deeply worried by his sons' romances with Las Vegas showgirls, and especially by Dennis' marriage to a divorcer. marriage to a divorcee

All the boys have followed Bing into show business. He would have preferred them to make careers in the Crosby enterprises or as ranchers.

"Raising boys these days is just flat tough," he said before Tex's birth.

He has since wild firmly "This one is

He has since said firmly, "This one is going to be a professional man."

But, like all children, Tex (with Kathy's nose and Bing's mouth) will probably have the last word.



#### keeping you awake?

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MAKING FRIENDS. Ten-month-old elephant Betty trumpets a greeting to Mrs. June Scott, of Randwick, N.S.W., and Mr. Herbert de Souza in the big palm-shaded compound at the de Souza animal farm in Singapore.

#### Homeward-bound by ship from Singapore is an attractive Sydney woman, who soon will say farewell to an unusual charge - a baby elephant.

NURSE and stenog-rapher Mrs. June Scott, of Randwick, N.S.W., flew to Singapore to escort the elephant to Australia for circus owner Mr. Stafford Bullen.

The elephant is Betty, 10 months old, 300lb., and 32in.

Mrs. Scott collected her charge at a Singapore animal farm run by Mr. Herbert de Souza, a wealthy businessman, who has been exporting Malayan animals for more than 40 years.

Mr. de Souzo has been in several wild-life films and worked with Frank Buck on the film version of his "Bring 'Em Back Alive."

At the de Souza home, where Mrs. Scott stayed while waiting for passage on the Dutch cargo-liner Straat Banka, she said:

phants is not my regular job. But when Stafford Bullen asked me to be Betty's travel-

ling companion I agreed at once."

Betty expressed her approval by falsetto trumpeting. Then she nearly knocked her "nursemaid" off-balance with of her trush of a swish of her trunk.

"Betty's just playful," Mrs. Scott said. "She loves attention, and I have to talk to her and make a fuss of her."

Betty settled down to a meal of rice, sweet potatoes, and a special vitaminised animal food Mrs. Scott's husband manufactures in Sydney.

#### Never forgets

"She loves this and it's good for her," Mrs. Scott said, pass-ing Betty a handful of the food.

Betty interrupted the handfeeding routine to drink in a few pints of water. Mrs. Scott stood aside to avoid the expected shower-bath.

Mr. de Souza reassured her. "She hasn't learnt that trick yet, she's too young," he said.
"It's true that an elephant never forgets. I knew a man

She still has her baby man-ners and demands plenty of certainly give her that," said Mrs. Scott, a pretty blue-eyed young woman looking much too feminine to handle her hefty charge. June Scott has always loved animals. She grew up on her grandmother's property near Singleton, N.S.W., and was given her own pony when she was three was three

She said: "We're not in the circus business. My husband, Eric, is a businessman. I do secretarial work. "Until four years ago

Many animals Mr. de Souza exports are pets at his bungalow before they are sent

Two sons, Oscar and Alphie, are also in the family

business.
"We all like animals," said

Oscar. "You have to talk to them and let them get to know you. See how friendly Betty

Betty was found wandering alone in the jungle when she was three months old. She became the pet of the Prin-cess Raja Perumpan of Kelan-tan, in Northern Malaya.

hated the circus. This dated to my childhood, when I saw a man fired out of a cannon into a net and screamed with

"Four years ago we met Stafford Bullen. When he asked us to the circus I prac-tically had to be dragged there, but I enjoyed it."

The Scotts and the Bullens

became family friends. When Stafford Bullen learnt that June was the daughter of Myra Price, a well-known equestrienne, he set her a circus task.

June said: "Stafford wanted six evenly matched greys under four years old and 14.2 hands high. I searched the countryside and finally found ourseas.
"I had an eight-month-old tiger cub for a pet recently," said Mrs. de Souza. "It was sweet. It followed me round like a dog."

five, "Now they're liberty horses, obeying the ringmaster's in-structions without any hand

Before leaving for Singa-pore, June knew nothing about elephants, apart from seeing nine perform at the Bullen Bros. circus.

#### Siamese orders

These elephants obey orders

in Siamese.
"Stafford trains them," said June. "If they were trained in English, someone in the crowd might call out a com-mand and the elephant would

Indian mahouts travelled on the ship with the elephant. June's job was to supervise them, to make sure the baby elephant had regular meals.

Betty's fellow voyagers from Singapore included a small honey-bear from Borneo and a tame African chim-

panzee In Sydney Betty will be a guest at Taronga Park Zoo for a few months to become acclimatised before she begins her career in show business.

There probably will be a reunion for her with the de Souzas, who plan a trip to Australia in November to visit their daughters, Mrs. Geoffrey Gunton, of Chattwood, N.S.W., and Mrs. Robin Kraal, of Carnegie, Victoria

Being an elephant, Betty will not have forgotten the de mate



DE SOUZA FAMILY, with Mrs. Scott, holding a miniature Pomeranian dog, the family pet. From left, Mrs. de Souza, her husband, and sons Alphie and Oscar.

### Our £2500 Art Award

 Nearly 500 paintings—the highest number since the inception of the competition four years ago - have been entered in The Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize, 1958. Entries came from all Australian States and from most overseas countries.

Highest number of entries was in the portrait section of the competition. Portraits outnumbered subject paintings by about four to one when entries closed on August 30.

THE section for subject for paintings entered in the paintings, which have to depict some aspect of contemporary life and include no fewer than three figures, was added only this year, when the prizemoney was increased by £500 to make a total of £2500. Previously the competition was restricted to portraits.

This year, a prize of £1000 will be awarded for the best portrait and a prize of £1000 for the best subject picture.

An additional prize of £250 will be awarded to the best will be awarded to the best entry by a woman in each ection. Should an entry judged best in either section be by a woman, that entry will be awarded a prize of £1250.

As in previous years, the portraits have to be of a woman, or of a woman with a baby or young child up to 10 years, or of a child under 14

years. A few competitors entered a painting in each section, and some artists who have been Portrait Prize finalists in previous years entered only in the ubject section this year.

#### New section

Beaches, coffee shops, parks, and city streets were popular themes with Australian painters who entered in the bject section. Australian life also depicted in a harvest cene, in a regatta, and even in floods, where one painter has shown local inhabitants

The new section will cer-tainly add variety to the travelling exhibition following the opening of the Prize in

women, singers, dancers, and models are among the sitters

There is a painting of well-known film star and stage actress Diane Cilento, of sprinter Betty Cuthbert, and opera singer Joan Hammond.

The near record number of entries this year was matched by the exceptionally high number of "just finished" paintings when entries closed at the Art Gallery of New South Wales at 3 p.m. on Saturday, August 30.

White paint literally dropped on to the floor from one of the entries received.

Some of the competitors looked as if they had been up all night working, and, in fact, several of them said they had.

#### Late entries

Vladas Meskenas, of Syd-ney, started final work on his painting at 8 p.m. and worked through until 4 a.m.

Scores of other competitors put the final touches on their work only just before they left home to get to the Gallery by

3 p.m. Attendants at the Gallery were cautioned by harassed artists—both professionals and amateurs-to "please be careful, it's still wet."

At one minute to three, youthful Sharne Hewett, of Sydney, raced into the receiving court looking exhausted.

I'm a nervous wreck," she said, as she slumped into a chair to fill in her entry form with hands that trembled so much she could hardly write.

"I wasn't going to enter at all last night," she said, "and then a friend talked me into it. Then when I did decide to put it in I couldn't get the proper size frame, so I had to chop bits off an old one to make it fit."

Other competitors parently had the same trouble At one stage the Gallery court set aside for the recep-tion of entries looked and tion of entries looked and sounded like a carpenter's workshop.

Painters came equipped with hammers and nails, and knelt on the floor to finish framing their work.

Many of them, worn out by the last-minute effort, wouldn't have made it at all without the help of relatives and friends.

Archibald Prize winner hauser arrived together, and she waited on the colonnade of the Gallery while he put a

Mr. Smith's subject was Ida Bruchhauser painting a small neighborhood boy for her

"We had a terrible time," she said, "because during the sittings 'Joe' got measles and scarlet fever."

"Joe" was also quite definite "Joe" was also quite dennite about the background he wanted for his portrait. He wanted to be "painted in tiger country," so the background is vivid with yellow and black tiger stripe colors.

#### Judges

Ida Bruchhauser's entry is itled "Joe in Tiger Country," Joshua Smith's "Ida and Joe."

Many of the overseas painters who entered the competition last year have again submitted entries.

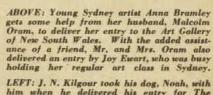
They include Albert Tucker and James Boswell, of England, and Vilma Kotrhova-Vrbova, of Czechoslovakia, winner of the award for the best portrait submitted by a

Judges of the Art Prize this year will again be the direc-tors of the State art galleries.

A new judge on the panel is Mr. Frank Norton, recently appointed director of the Art Gallery of Western Australia.

Their decision will be final and binding.

The judges will also select the paintings to be hung in the travelling exhibition and in the exhibition to be held in



LEFT: J. N. Kilgour took his dog, Noah, with him when he delivered his entry for The Australian Women's Weekly Art Prise on the day before entries closed. Many competitors took the opportunity of seeing the Churchill paintings then hanging in the Gallery.



GERARD HAVEKES checks his entry form in with Mrs. Jane Fowler, of The Australian Women's Weekly, in the receiving court for entries at the Art Gallery.

● The Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize Exhibition, 1958, will be officially opened by Dame Ninette de Valois, D.B.E., director of the Royal Ballet, Covent Garden, at the Art Gallery of New South Wales on Wednesday, September 17, at 3.15 p.m. The exhibition will continue until October

The Gallery is open until October 1 from 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. Mondays to Saturdays, and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. on Sundays. From October 1, the closing time will be ex-tended until 5 p.m.

At the end of the travelling exhibition in

Sydney, the paintings will be shown in the State art galleries in Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Hobart, Perth, and Canberra.



EILEEN SHERWIN, of Sydney, does a last-minute framing job at the Art Gallery before entering her painting in the 1958 Art Prize.



FINAL-TOUCH varnishing is done by Joshua Smith on the colonnade of the Gallery before he handed in his entry.



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a lean frame, bright blue eyes (usually narrowed with concentration as the English language rattles around him), and an untidy head of blond hair.

He is married and has four-year-old daughter,

Mr. Uglov is chunky, fair, and wears a small, gilt kan-garoo pinned to the lapel of his suit. The kangaroo came from Moscow, not Australia, the gift of friends who saw him off on the long journey.

Malinin has had his finers on the the

when he startled his parents by repeating on the piano music he had heard on the

At four, perched on a piano-stool, he played Mozart's "Cradle Song" and Schubert's "Trout," accompanying his mother, Maria Malinina, who was singing at a concert-Eugene stole the show.

And at five he was admitted the Moscow Central Music

to the Moscow Gentral Music School — the youngest-ever pupil to gain entry. But though Malinin had such a young start himself, he's against children learning pianoforte so early and has pianoforte so early and has not yet encouraged Tanya to a pianist.
"The ideal age for a child

to start music is six or seven," he said. "Even then parents should be very careful of their child's tuition

"Of course, if a child is very capable and talented, he may take lessons earlier than that, but that's not the general rule."

#### Killed at front

Eugene Malinin's mother has lived to see her son win prizes in international piano competitions at Moscow, Warsaw, and Budapest, and has been in the audience to hear him as soloist with the Moscow Philharmonic Orches-

ra.
"But my father is dead," he said. "When I was 11 he was killed in the front line of

Malinin's greatest ambition was realised in 1948 when he

Professor Neuhouse at the Moscow State Conservatoire

Today, when not travelling e world as a concert pianist, Malinin assists the professor as a teacher of young students.

"In our country the musi cal child first goes to a musi-cal school for seven years then to college for four, and after that to one of our 26, Conservatoriums," he said.

During his career Malinia has won many awards, mostl in the form of certificates, sil ver cups, or silver boxes. "But sometimes," he

"But sometimes," he said with a look of pleasure, "the award was a cheque—money."

By HELEN FRIZELL,

staff reporter

E u S Malinin, his his Alla wife, Alla, and Tanya

a p artment.
They also have a country
house, 28 miles from the Sovie
capital, where the pianist like go for relaxation.

He usually drives down in one of the two cars which he owns, for fast driving is one of his pleasures. Others are of his pleasures. Others are tennis, reading, and theatre

#### Marriage rumor

The great ballerina Ulanova personal friend of the

"I've heard a rumor that she's just been married," he said, "but out here we're a month behind with the news!"

In Sydney, Malinin and interpreter Uglov had little time for sightseeing, but man-aged to go for a long drive.

The heart of Sydney is e a European city," Malinin like a European city, said, "but the suburbs here are so spread out, perhaps because nearly everyone has his

In true tourist style Eugene Malinin has already settled on one present for daughter Tanya—a boomerang.

He considered a koala, thought of the impact it would make on the family dog back in Moscow, judged that the dog would have the toy in bits within minutes, and thought batter of it.

After playing in Adelaide this week, Malinin will return to Melbourne and Sydney for more recitals before leaving Australia.

Australian television is two years old next week, when TCN, Channel 9 celebrates its second birthday. They have been years of spectacular growth.

more quickly in Australia

than anywhere in the world. When TV started there were only 3556 licensed sets, a total which has grown to 182,314, a viewing audience of, conservatively, 740,000.

Channel 9 manager, Mr

cial sources believe that these networks will not operate be-

fore 1962-63, six or seven years after the start of TV.

"It is a tremendous job, as planned by the P.M.G., and means laying coaxial cable over vast distances. In

America, England, and Europe channels are able to use the

less expensive micro-wave

telecasting of events in Sydney as they happened in other capital cities. Viewers could see the Melbourne Cup run,

the Davis Cup in Brisbane.

A glamorous example of "network" telecasting was the Royal Ball in Canberra in

March this year during the Queen Mother's visit to Aus-

tralia. Televiewers saw this exciting occasion as it hap-

pened via a temporary micro-wave link between Canberra wave link between und Sydney.] Channel 9 plans to extend channel 9 plans to extend during its 80 hours a

Networks would allow the

Alex Baz, said the s planned to forge ahead,

TV enters its third year with top-ranking world programmes on all channels and plans for bigger and better TV afoot. EXPERTS say that TV audiences have grown

midnight every day except
Saturday, when programmes
will begin at 10 a.m.

Mr. Baz said the TCN
story was typical of Australian commercial channels.

Channel 7, 4.15 p.m. Sundays), and "The Burning Question" (Channel 7, 5.15 p.m.
Sundays), will be extended greatly during coming months.

Channel 9 and Channel 7

This story of our growth is have already been approached

about them is the excellence of their stories and production. They are called adult Westerns, but actually they're first-class mystery, adventure, and murder stories presented in Western dress."

'Annie Oakley," Australia's first Western — juvenile variety — was one of the first programmes shown on Chan-nel 9. Annie's gun still barks. Thursdays at 7 p.m. in flashy displays of fancy shooting.

For Annie (Gail Davis) doesn't go in for adult West-ern shooting to kill; she makes her victims dance as the bul-lets pepper their feet, knocks the guns out of their hands, or — in desperate cases — wounds them in the shoulders

wounds them in the shoulders to keep them immobilised till the law arrives.

Annie is now a close friend of every TV family, and is immensely popular, as are many of the shows that began with TV when Channel 9 opened.

opened.
Consistently popular and still showing are "What's My Line?", "Racket Squad," "Robin Hood," "Our Miss Brooks," "4-Star Playhouse," "Father Knows Best," and "San Francisco Beat."

Up among the top ratings are "Robin Hood" and "Father Knows Best," rated

recently by Sydney women as the show they liked best. To me, "Racket Squad" (Channel 9, 10.30 Tuesdays) will always mean the begin-ning of TV in Australia. Bug-eyed Reed Hadley, who plays the head racket-buster, Captain Braddock, was all I ever seemed to see in the early days when I watched the TV image

Things are better now. I'm looking forward to the big birthday show — a special edition of the Bobby Limb Late Show on Monday, Sep-tember 15, at 10 p.m.

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

"What we would like to see more than anything in our third year of life is the establishment of networks between Sydney and Melbourne, and,

Ishment of delibourne, and, Sydney and Melbourne, and, later, Brisbane and Adelaide. "If we had this we would be in line with overseas TV, "But this is not likely. Offi-ical courses believe that these our programme hours, thanks

bit programme nours, thanks to you, the viewers."

Big event of the third year of TV will be Australia's first TV Federal election on November 22.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, opened Channel 9 officially, and later appeared on its excellent programme "Meet the Press."

He said he believed that in

10 years' time television would be the most important factor in Australian politics.

Television's influence, al-ready noticeable through the appearance of politicians on "Meet the Press" (Channel 9, "Meet the Press" (Channel 9, 9,30 p.m. Sundays), "Face the People" (Channel 2, 9,00 p.m. Sundays), "Comment"

Instead, many voters will meet their candidates on TV in their living-rooms.

Programme buys for 1958-59 are still only in the "bigger and better" class, and, despite the noticeable trend towards comedy, Mr. Baz is prepared to wager heavily on the con-tinuing popularity of the adult

"We already have excellent comedies," Mr. Baz said. "But adult Westerns like 'Have Gun, Will Travel' (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 9.30), 'Cheyenne' (Saturdays, 7.30), and 'Gun-smoke' (Sundays, 9.00 p.m.) will remain popular. I'm sure, will remain popular, I'm sure.

These Westerns took Australia by storm.



its viewing hours during its third year to about 80 hours a week, regarded as the maximum time damanded. mum time demanded by Australian viewers at present. When this happens, viewing hours will be from 1 p.m. to THE Australian Women's Weekly - September 17, 1958

### AUSTRALIA ON THE BOARDS





ZOE CALDWELL watches as Lou-don Sainthill supervises fittings of her green-and-blue costume for the patrician
Daughter of Antiochus in the
Memorial Theatre's production
of "Pericles."

BACKSTAGE Hal BACKSTAGE Hal Rogers chats to Zoe before she makes an en-trance. Zoe, on a three-year scholarship in England, plans to return to Austra-lia to work for the Elizabethan Theatre Trust.

### Shakespeare theatre is their second home

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

 There are more Australians than ever this year at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. They can be seen in all five plays being produced there, in the backstage departments, and even among the frontof-the-house staff.

L OUDON SAINTHILL has again filled the wardrobes with his exotic costumes; this time for the revolutionary production of "Pericles."

production of "Pericles."

South Australian Ron Haddrick, now in his fifth Stratford season, is playing three featured roles this year. He has received unanimously good notices for his Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet," Antonio in "Twelfth Night," and Horatio in "Hamlet."

These make a total of 20 Memorial Theatre productions in which he has taken part since coming to England.

And among the up-and-coming youngsters

And among the up-and-coming youngsters making their mark in the company are Zoe Caldwell, of Melbourne, and John

Salway
Zoe, who played Ophelia to Paul Rogers'
Hamlet for the Elizabethan Theatre Trust,
is in England on a three-year scholarship.
She appears in all five of this season's
productions, but gets her best chance in
"Pericles," in which she has an opportunity
to show extreme versatility.
In less than two hours she plays three

widely different roles.
Twenty-seven-year-old John Salway, of Sydney, started at Stratford last year, John made a great impression when he

appeared in "The Troublemakers" for Hugh-Hastings at the Metropolitan Theatre, in "Hamlet" at the Phillip Street Theatre, in "Pygmalion" at the Independent (all Sydney theatres), and on tour for the Arts Council. In 1955 he married Ann Howard, then stage manager at the Independent Theatre. The following year they came to England "on a shoestring," as they put it, and worked together in repertory.

together in repertory.
This is John's second season at Stratford

This is John's second season at Strattord and he is playing several good roles. Hal Rogers, of Broken Hill, N.S.W., is one of the oldest established Australians at the theatre, although he is only 30.

Hal, who stage-managed the company's 1953 Australian tour under Anthony Quayle, came to Stratford in 1954 at Quayle's invita-

He began as assistant stage manager, but

He began as assistant stage manager, but this season is in charge of three productions, "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," and "Much Ado About Nothing."

These Australians have come to regard Googie Withers as one of themselves in the past few weeks. She is playing Queen Gertrude in "Hamlet" and Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Googie, who will follow husband John McCallum to Australia, is playing her first



JOHN SALWAY in one of the Greek-Byzantine costumes designed by Tasmanian Loudon Sainthill for "Pericles." This is the only play of Shakespeare's not included in the First Folio, and has had only six major productions in the past 300 years.

### ...IN OLD STRATFORD



season at Stratford. (John McCallum will fly to Melbourne ahead of his family to take up his new job of assistant to the managing director of J. C. Williamsons.)

Googie plans to act in Australia once hushand John has begun his new job. She would like to play her successful role in "Amphytrion," which she recently did on B.B.C. television.

television.

Watching his countrymen achieve their successes on stage is Sydney-born Max Hillier, in charge of the catering in the theatre's

in charge of the catering in the theatre's Green Room.

Max came to Stratford as Anthony Quayle's dresser after the 1953 Australian tour. Now he is so much a part of the Stratford family that he is regarded as friend and adviser to all Australians who go there.

"It's a real home from home for Aussies," Max says, "and they do pretty well here, too."

Performances by people like Margaret Johnston, Coral Browne, and Keith Michell, now international stars on stage and in films, prove Max Hillier's point.

GOOGIE WITHERS and Michael Redgrave in the locket scene between Hamlet and his mother, Gertrude, Scenery and costumes for this production were designed by Motley.





magically spiced with the faintest tinge of gold that cleverly gives your lips an eager glow. The effect is electric! Try it. Push up lipstick (firm or creamy) 2/11, Propelling (24 hour) lipstick 5/6. Nylon nail polish 2/6.



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#### VALDERMA BALM aids quick healing

· Beginning next week

### "Ice Palace," our new Edna Ferber serial

Author of 'Giant' turns from Texas to Alaska...

 Next week we begin a great new serial, "Ice Palace," by famous American best-seller novelist Edna Ferber.

A T 70, Miss Ferber has written one of the year's most topical novels. "Ice Palace" is set in

"Ice Palace" is set in Alaska. A central character is Thor Storm, a white-haired visionary who dreams and works for Alaskan statehood.

In their first election last month, Alaskans voted for statehood. Their decision awaits only formal proclamation by President Eisenhower to make the territory America's forty-ninth State,

Miss Ferber's astute reading of Alaskan life is no sur-prise to the hundreds of thousands who have read her other best - sellers, "Show Boat," "Saratoga Trunk," and more recently "Giant," serialised in The Australian Women's Weekly in 1953.

All three have been filmed. Many remember "Show Boat" with its wonderful Kern-Hammerstein songs and romantic setting on the Mississippi; "Saratoga Trunk," which starred Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper,

"Giant" was set in Texas, and Texas was hailed as the real "hero" of the book. The film version, still being shown in Australia, stars Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, and, memorably, the late James Dean.

"Giant" was great, "Ice Palace" is greater. Miss Fer-ber visited Alaska four times for material for her magnifiHer characters stand out clearly against the dramatic Alaskan background.

There's Czar Kennedy and Thor Storm, who come — as young men-to the then new

They remain to become part of its history, as told in "Ice

Czar is a man of action, determined to be powerful and rich, to take everything he can from Alaska

Thor, a kindly intellectual,

Thor, a kindly intellectual, is drawn to the country by its beauty and future — not to take but to give.

They live to be enemies, fighting bitterly over the one person they love more than they hate each other — Christing Stores around doubter of Storm, granddaughter of

#### Half-Eskimo

Two young men are in love with Christine—Ross Guilden-stern, an airline pilot, half-Danish, half-Eskimo, and Bayard Husack, a rich and

bayard riusack, a rich and sophisticated American. And, of course, there's the Ice Palace itself — a dazzling building built by Gzar, a skyscraper of glass set against the white of the icy mountains near the fictitious town of

Thor Storm's fictional fight for Alaska's statehood had a parallel at last month's referen-

Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, says that it isn't true that the Kodiak bears

and Husky dogs voted at the referendum only the twolegged residents.
But residents did race to the

polls, some of them across the tundra on dogsleds.

In addition to the pride and glory, statehood will give Alaska many practical advantages, including Federal grants for improvements ranging from roads to school lunches

lunches.

Most important of these will be the opportunity to exploit oil, mineral, and forest resources.

America bought Alaska from Russia in 1867—at two cents (about twopence) an acre. Total price was 7,200,000 dollars.

The Klondike gold rush is

NOVELIST Edna Ferber making a radio broadcast. The 70-year-old author has travelled widely to collect material for her books.

history. Alaska's annual yield of gold still exceeds the pur-chase price of the territory. Twice the size of Texas, Alaska becomes the biggest State in the American Union. It has the smallest population. Excluding nearly 50,000 military personnel, population is estimated at 161,000.

#### Young people

Alaska is not the ice-bound, eternally frozen eternally frozen country many people imagine. In summer, temperatures aver-age 60 degrees. In the in-terior, however, they range from 100 degrees in summer to 70 degrees below freezing in winter.

broadse Alaska's close neighbor is the Soviet Union, barely two miles away, it is regarded as of the highest

regarded as of the highest strategic military importance. Alaska is not only the youngest State; it has the youngest population. The average age is 26.

Men outnumber women by three to two—and almost any girl can have her choice of husbands.

Rents and prices are fan-

Rents and prices are fan-tastically high. Almost every manufactured and food item has to be shipped thousands of miles from America's west

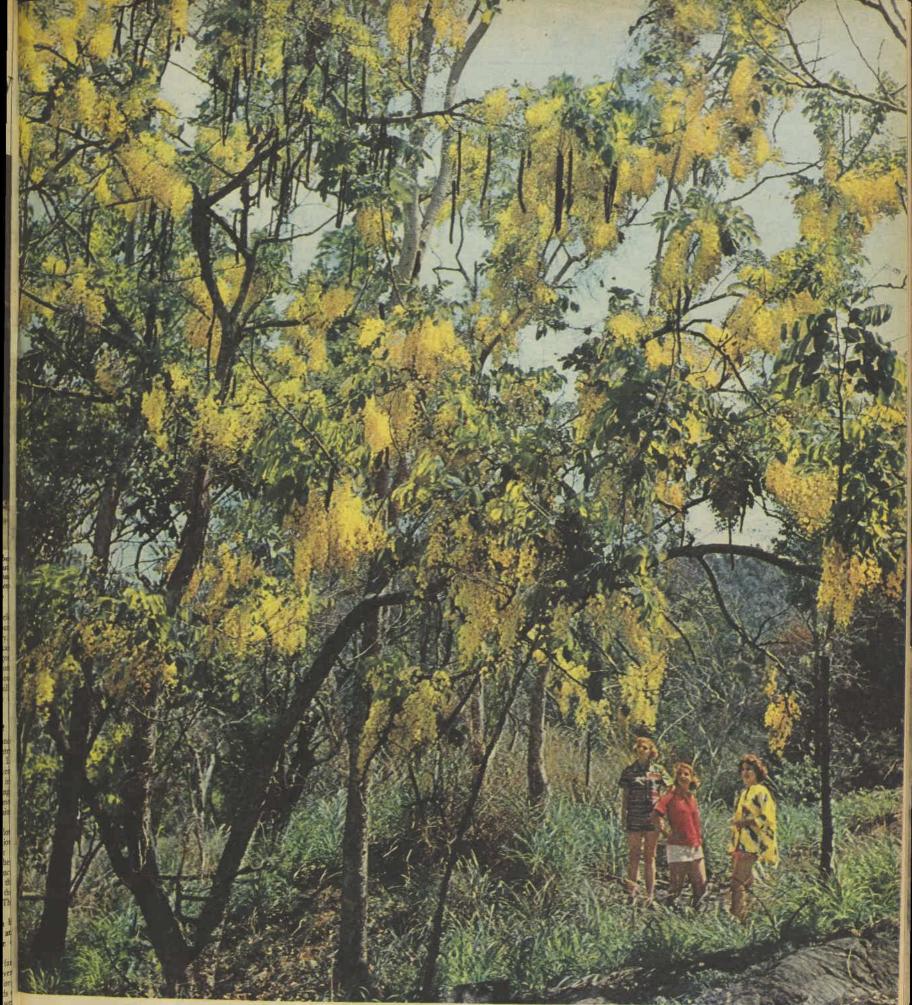
The sense of isolation drives

many newcomers back to warmer climates.

With this setting and Miss Ferber's skilful writing and clever characterisation, it's no wonder "Ice Palace" is a best-celler.

"Ice Palace" begins in our next issue, the first of three long instalments.





### THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

In the tropical northern third of Australia there are only two seasons, the "wet" and the "dry." The cool dry months are from April to August, and the end of August sees the beginning of the warm dusty weather which brings the tropic rains. At the end of the "dry." just before the "wet" begins in earnest, the False Cascara tree (Cassia fistula) bursts into masses of golden flowers. Sometimes called the Indian laburnum or the Pudding Pipe tree, this species of Cassia is a The Australian Women's Wherly — September 17, 1958



native of India which has become naturalised in many parts of the Northern Territory and North Queensland. Cassia fistula occurs rarely in the southern States, but one fine specimen flourishes in the Speaker's Garden of Parliament House, Sydney. Many species of Cassia are cultivated as ornamental shrubs and others are native to drier regions of Australia. This magnificent tree, photographed by Adelie Hurley, stands by the Cook Highway, near Cairns, Queensland.

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#### You'll love new Cutex

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And for matching lips, wear CUIEX Stay Fast Lipstick it's extra creamy, extra rich in sheer Lanolin. Keeps lips truly radiant with color—all day, all evening, even

For lasting beauty . . .





#### Black silk and ballyhoo

### He dresses 'em down then dresses 'em

"Any woman who doesn't dress for a man is out of her mind," says self-admitted genius Don Loper, Hollywood's most ballyhooed dress designer.

Bv

ROBERT FELDMAN.

of our New York

\_ staff \_

LOPER, 51, is the "bad boy" of Hollywood: he delights in telling - especially women wealthy women - how tastelessly they are dressed.

And he gets away with it.

Many Hollywood beauties
have paid for his brash
criticisms and remedial advice, and emerged from his

salon better dressed than ever. He explained: "When I dress the stars I offer more than taste. They bring their souls to me."

They bring a fair fistful of Loper's tention to

stars and wealthy women yields anything from £200 to £11,000 a dress.

On the other hand, the mass-produced creations of his £6,000,000 business are priced from about £10.

Don Loper is a former ballet dancer who, when his legs and bookings gave out at the age of 40, tripped into the women's fashion field shout-ing, "Women of the world, de lint!" de-junk!"

In 1946, while designing costumes for film studios (his original, modest ambition in going to Hollywood was to be boss of M.G.M.), he opened his salon in Beverly Hills.

Immediately he began "streamlining" stars' personal wardrobes, cultivating the studied insult as a sales gimmick.

"Your gown is a botch," he told Marlene Dietrich making a grand entrance. A week later she bought some Loper clothes.

A reporter standing at the celebrity-crowded bar at Romanoff's restaurant asked Loper who, in his opinion, was the worst turned out of the major actresses.

"She's standing right in front of you," he replied, making no attempt to lower his voice. "Dig that chiffon streamer, that long cigarette-holder, all that leopard. The woman's a

> without Loper has

lated an impressive clientele, including June Allyson, Irene Dunne, Maureen O'Hara, mcluding June Allyson, Irene Dunne, Maureen O'Hara, Betty Hutton, Arlene Dahl, Tallulah Bankhead, Gracie Allen, Pearl Bailey, Jan Sterling, Eather Williams, Dorothy Dandridge, Eartha Kitt, Yvonne De Carlo, Dinah Shore, Lucille Ball, Joan Benett, Greer Garson, Ida note, Lucine Ban, Joan Benett, Greer Garson, Ida Lupino, Ava Gardner, Cyd Charisse, and Lana Turner. Loper, son of a Portuguese-

Jewish immigrant, swears by

Jewish immigrant, swears by simplicity in dress.

When I met him in New York's chic Hotel Pierre he was wearing a black silk suit, black jersey tie, and white shirt with multi-pleated front.

He slick had an 1960 and

He also had an 1860 gold fob watch tucked into his breast pocket, suspended by a length of braided human hair of the same vintage.



CAROLYN JONES, star of "The Bachelor Party," is ex-corted to her car by Don Loper after a fitting at his Beverly Hills salon.

"Human hair never rots," he explained.

He proceeded to tell me what was wrong with the fashions of Paris, from where he had just returned, and offered a translation of "chemise" as "schlemiel," a Yiddish word meaning, roughly, "simpleton."

"And as for the trapeze, better have a net under it," he

He eyed a passing blonde in a non-sack cocktail dress.
"What's wrong with a girl looking like a girl? The

moment a man sees the dress before the girl the whole world is topsy-turvy."

According to Loper, every woman on earth can be typed. The reason the film stars are stars is that they are clear types," he said.

"Think of Dietrich, think of Bacall. They're simple, tailored types.

"Then take the curvaceous "Then take the curvaceous kind—Zsa Zsa, Monroe, Janet Leigh. They're the great beauties, should start life at 5 o'clock, look best in evening gowns. You see?"

Loper insisted that, regardless of the fashion dictates of

Paris, women should dress to flatter their types.

"Once a woman learns what type she is she can dress inexpensively, building up a quality wardrobe that can last

ballroom team with Maxing

Barrat.

His three marriages ended in failure, lasting eight years, three years, and three months respectively.

Loper has branched out lately into designing hotel and office interiors.

"I have a photographic

"I have a photographic mind and tremendous imagi-nation," he told me.

"Most of my inspirations hit in about four seconds—

for hotels or women.
"After all, there's not much difference in dressing a woman or a hotel lobby. Only the lobby is larger."

DON LOPER, in ballet pose and the black silk suit that has become his "uniform," admires two of his creations—a theatre coat (left) of pink silk satin and a ball gown of taffeta. Some Loper dresses cost around £11,000.

## "Why shouldn't girls look like girls?"

DON LOPER with Kim Novak, one of his latest film-star customers. Loper says women should begin to dress by "un-junking" their clothes. "That little black dress you saw last week might be just the thing — if you remove the glitter brooch, the patent leather belt, and the white satin bow at the neck. Dress according to the compliments you receive. If your friends are mum about a new dress you're wearing, burn it!"



JANE RUSSELL trades one of the studied insults Loper hands out to most customers. He advises: "Never go shopping with a woman, because she will tell you to wear what she likes instead of what looks best on you. Most men don't care a whit about your being in 'style' as long as you look pretty."

MITZI GAYNOR, in a Loper creation, dines out with Loper. "Don't be a perennial bargain-hunter," says the designer, whose dresses cost up to £11,000 each. "Cheap things will simply mark your entire wardrobe as a refugee from a bargain basement. And don't buy fad clothes. They are seldom flattering."



JUNE ALLYSON, on Loper's advice to short girls, avoids belts, large purses, loud jewellery, and fussy clothes. She wears high heels but never slacks. "Trousers should always be used sparingly," says Loper. "Best keep them for gardening or, if you must wear them, they should be full-length, impeccably cut, freshly pressed, with the crease exactly right. Too far right or left looks bowed-legged or knock-kneed."



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 17, 1958





City life is gay and sophisticated. The hotels, theatres, restaurants and night clubs will most certainly meet with your approval. So will the many new dishes you will taste—and the delightful wines. Wherever you go, a warm-hearted welcome awaits you. You'll be in a home away from home, surrounded by the friendliest and most hospitable people you're likely to meet anywhere.

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Pope 13







PRETTY SISTERS (from left) Mrs. Gordon Broy, Mrs. Frank Taplin, and Mary Lou Lufft at the Regency Period Antiques Exhibition. Mary Lou and Dr. Peter Brooks will marry at St. Swithun's, Pymble, on October 23.

COUNTRY BRIDE (left). Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Osborne sign the register after their wedding at St. Philip's Church, Church Hill, with bridesmaids (from left) Belinda Morgan-Jones, Virginia Glasson, and Margaret Cowdery looking on. The bride was formerly Robin Binnie, of 4D, Quirindi.



BIRTHDAY PARTY. Wife of the United States Consul-General, Mrs. Frank Waring (left), with club president Mrs. R. C. Mansfield and Mrs. W. Clancey at the American Wamen's Club's twelfth-birthday lunch at Mark Foy's.



WORLD PREMIERE. Actress Lyle O'Hara and Bill Orr were among the audience at the opening of Ru Pullan's "Curly on the Rack" at the Elisabethan Theatre, Newtown.

# SOCIAL

THE shady gum trees and green lawns around her home at Charlestown, Newcastle, should make a perfect setting for the reception after Georgina Wardell's wedding to Dick Hart on September 13.

Pretty, dark-eyetl Georgina
ok a few minutes off from

BACK in Australia finding
lots of old acquaintances her work as librarian at the Public Library to tell me about the wedding.

The ceremony will be at midday at St. Alban's, Charlestown, and Dick's sister Susan and Judy Woodward will be bridesmaids.

Georgina is the daughter of Georgina is the daughter of Mr. V. A. Wardell, of Charlestown, and Mrs. P. S. Wardell, of Roseville, and Dick is the second son of the late Dr. A. H. Hart, of Queanbeyan, and Mrs. M. Hart, of Cremorne.

PRETTIEST hat of the week...a tiny black satin bow in a cloud of black spot-ted veiling, worn dead centre of the forehead by Mrs. John

to renew after 14 years' absence is Commander Peter Osborn, R.N., whom many people will remember as a S.U.D.S. star in his Sydney University days and promising actor in many other Sydney pre-war productions.
When war broke out he was appearing in West End theatres and exchanged the stage for the Royal Navy; now he is Instructor-Commander at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich and a powerful force in Naval Drama Festival doings. Commander Osborn doings. Commander Osborn has come home to visit his father, Professor T. G. B. Osborn, at St. Mark's College, Adelaide, but managed to find time to take part in the recent Seminar on Drama at Sydney Teachers' College. He will have another week in Sydney before flying back to London on September 19.

JOCELYN CRANE and JOCELYN CRANE and ber fiance, Pat McGrath, have issued an open invitation to friends to "come and wield a paint brush" on the walls of their new flat at Mosman any time before September 18, the date of their wedding at St. Mary's, North Sydney. Jocelyn is the daughter of the Warren Cranes, of Pymble, and Pat is the twin son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice McGrath, of Cremorne.

A DATE for your diary ... keep Wednesday afternoon, September 17, for the Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools Associations' annual meeting — their 53rd — at the Erskineville Nursery



THE REGENCY PERIOD. Mrs. A. H. Varcoe (left) and Lady Morshead with the Brazilian rosewood clock which Lady Morshead lent for the exhibition of antiques and fans in David Jones' Art Gallery for Dr. Barnardo's Homes.



YOUNG CHARITY WORKERS (from left) Wendy Fahl, Janet Grigg, and Pamela Gray, who will be on the hoop-la stall at the fete in the grounds of the Lorna Hodgkinson Sunshine Home at Crow's Nest on September 20.

IF you want to see spring at its best, take an afternoon drive to the North Shore on Saturday or Sunday, September 27 and 28, when two of Sydney's loveliest gardens will be on show to the milities. Sydney's lovehest gardens will be on show to the public. They are Mrs. T. A. Field's garden at "Mahratta," Fox Valley Road, Wahroong, and the Eric Prattens' at 29 Tele-graph Road, Pymble. Mrs. Pratten and helpers are also arranging to serve an after-noon "cuppa." The cause is a good one — the Royal Blind good one Society.

John Minters later this month. The holiday will also be a rest cure for tiny Mrs. Hill, who is the hard-working committee president for the Elizabethan Theatre Trust Ball at the Trocadero



MELBOURNE WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Watts after their wedding at Xavi. College Chapel with (from left) Cara Brown, Elisabeth Cahill, and Joan Joyce. The bride was Margaret Joyce, of South Yarra, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. at Mrs. J. L. Watts, of Wagga. Gay fashion note were the bridesmaids' red taffeta coa

THE Australian Women's Weerly - September 17, 1958

### TWIN FASHION-PLATES SHOW OWN MODELS

AS SMART AS PARIS, the Perry weins, Jane and Susan, of Clovelly, N.S.W., pose with Oswald the duck in their new-look cashmere chemise dresses. These outfits are among the countless gifts their god-mother — Miss Margaret McNeill, of Dover Heights, Sydney — regularly brings them back from overseas.



#### Godmother brings outfits from abroad

• Almost every young girl has two dreams: to have a fairy godmother and to have lots of pretty clothes. Sydney twins Jane and Susan Perry have both wishes granted twice over. The four-year-olds, who are not identical twins, are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Perry, of Clovelly, N.S.W. They're also the god-daughters of Miss Margaret McNeill, of Dover Heights, N.S.W., and when Miss McNeill's business interests take her abroad each year; her leisure is spent scouting for outfits for them.



LEFT: Jane and Susan are the ency of all their young friends in their white corduroy matedor pants, desert boots, and turquoise poplin fleece wind jackets, which reverse to red-quilted linings.

ABOVE: Ready for an important outing, the twins wear identical long-scaisted dresses of drip-dry pink-and-white checked cotton. Their bonnets of brushed angora are threaded with silver lurex-

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AT THE PIANO, the young "fashion-plate" Perry twins wear gaily striped Egyptian cotton skirts with bloomers attached. Their frilled, off-the-shoulder blouses are trimmed with red embroideries. Each year they get new outfits.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 17, 1958



LEFT: The twins in blue-and-white-striped cotton pique. The white collars and pockets are edged with colored rick-rack braid and have stand-out flower and butterfly motifs.

ABOVE: In diamond-patterned nylon party frocks with petticoats and panties made of one-inch frills of nylon tulle lavishly trimmed with broderic anglaise and nylon ribbon.

Page 17

### most material success.



Enthusiastically accepted in America created and proved in Australia, CURLON is indeed the miracle fabric for all occasions. Never, never fluffs or shrinks no matter how you wash it . . . its colours are gay as a garden . and it retains its shape - always! For you, your man or your children insist on CURLON - look for the label C-U-R-L-O-N.

miracle knitted fabric





OF MELBOURNE

### fashion's Letters from our Readers

#### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I WORKED for some years in a gift shop and grew A WORKED for some years in a gift shop and grew accustomed to being asked for suggestions for "something small and inexpensive for a very old lady." It was pleasing, therefore, to overhear, in a city store, a toenager's request for "the prettiest bed-jacket you have." The purchaser added, "It's for Gran's birthday. She basn't so many more to look forward to, so we always give her something extra special—Christmas, too. When the last one does come we want it to be one of the the last one does come we want it to be one of the happiest in her life."

£1/1/- to Miss Irene Taylor, 83 Warragal Road, Turramurra, N.S.W.

SO many parents complain about the inadequacy of child endowment. One hears such comments as "What does 10/-buy for anyone in these days of high prices?" If parents can afford to bank the amount, what a lovely little nest-egg for their child when he or she reaches school leaving age. their child when he or she reaches school leaving age.

If they cannot afford to bank, then £2 monthly will keep a child in shoes at least. Surely that's something worth while. Do parents expect the Government to keep their children? The endowment is meant to be a help, and a help it surely is. 10/6 to "Snowy" (name supplied), Maryborough, Qld.

FROM time to time one reads pathetic letters from people whose dogs have been poisoned. If these dog owners kept their dogs under control, and didn't allow them to bark all day and half the night, disturbing everyone in the district, neighbors who are usually kind and peace-loving wouldn't be driven to the stage where they have to do something drastic to save themselves from a nervous breakdown.

10/6 to Mrs. Nancy Harkness, Dookie, Vic.

LIVE in an outer suburb without a shopping centre and I have to travel by train each week to the nearest. I have a young baby and have to take him with me in his small pram. If anyone offers to help me on and off trains or up and down steps at the stations it is a woman, or even schoolchildren. The men just look the other way and hurry past.

10/6 to Mrs. B. Noble, cnr. Glenview Road and Pacific Highway, Mt. Kuring-gai, N.S.W.

A HABIT which is far too commonly practised by those who should know better is moistening the fingers to turn magazine pages. The imagination boggles at the disease-spreading potential of this habit. In the surgery I have often observed patients, whose health is suspect, addicted to this thoughtless

10/6 to Nurse C. Brentnall, 222 St. George's Terrace, Perth.

HOW many Australians know of the wonderful work done
by the Youth Hostels' Association? While touring in
Europe by motor-scooter I used these hostels continuously,
and met and made friends with young folk from all parts of
the world. No barriers existed between us and we shared a
wealth of knowledge. Couldn't we try to spread this activity
here and promote more understanding?

here and promote more understanding? 10/6 to Miss J. Jennison, Burra North, S.A.

letter of the week as well as

10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters
work and not previously published. Preference will be given
to letters signed for publication.

WHEN are we women going to make a concerted demand for all bread to be wrapped? I often wonder why the Health Department, which does so much, does not make this compulsory. One hot, blustery day I watched a carter scratch his bare back, then place his foot inside the van to give himself leverage to reach the loaves. The doors of the van were left open, and dust and other refuse was flying in all directions. Later I saw a baker carrying a loaf of bread under his arm as he went from door to door. as he went from door to door.

10/6 to Mrs. L. C. Barnes, 335 Ernest Street, North Sydney

#### Public servants' pay

IN objecting to the practice of advertising public-service salaries, I feel Mrs. L. Ewart (13/8/58) is being a little snobbish. To begin with, the actual salary is rarely mentioned, only the salary range which may vary by £500 according to the experience of the applicant. True friends do not judge you by the size of your husband's salary, and other people's opinions are not important. The amount of the basic wage is common knowledge and also the average wage paid to tradesmen. Because we married public servants, are we more thin-skinned than other women?

10/6 to "Teacher's Wife" (name supplied), Kogarali,

#### Family affairs

I HAVE two children, who, with my husband and myself, catch the usual yearly complaints and ill-ses, and we have accumulated bottles of medicine and nesses, and we have accumulated bottles of medicine and tablets. Apart from the patient's name, these bottles don't state for what illness they were intended. Now, by writing on them the date—in case of spoiling—and for what illness, I have only to look in my "dispensary," or show what I have to the visiting doctor, to find a ready cure for my patient. This sometimes saves a tedious wait and journey to the chemist. Another advantage is that the treatment can begin at once—not to mention saving needless expense.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Ruth M. Cafe, "Rulands," Post Office Road, Glenorie, N.S.W.

Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

### Ross Campbell writes...

MRS. PEERING, an old friend of ours, is a great reader. As long as I can remember she has carried library books around with leather bookmarks (ornamented with pokerwork kookaburras) stuck in

She seems to get the same sort of kick out of reading that motorists get from reliability trials. She takes a great interest in the distance she has covered from the start, and how for the it from the full property. far she is from the finishing point

"Are you enjoying The Gruel Sea?" you ask her.

"Yes. I've read 382 pages," she replies. "Only 163 to go."

The other night, to my surprise, she said sharply: "Books are not nearly as good as they used to be."

"In what way?" I asked.

"They're too small," she said.
"Look at all these pocket-size books and things." She sniffed with con-

"Compare them with Gone With The Wind," she said. "There was a book if you like—1100 pages, and

SLUMP IN SAGAS

it must have weighed two pounds if was an ounce.
"When you read a book like that

you had a sense of achievement. You don't get it from reading these tiddlywinking modern things like Bonjour Tristesse."

'You'll admit modern books are



easier to handle when you're reading in bed," I said, "I read War And Peace, 11b, 14oz.,

in bed for three months and enjoyed every page of it," she said.

'Modern books are lighter to

carry."
"They're not so useful, though.
My father threw David Copperfield

at a burglar and knocked him out. You couldn't do that with a novel today. The old-style books were handy for putting under chair-legs, too, and carrying on your head to practise posture.

"One of my jobs is reviewing books," I said, "and I must admit I prefer them short. In fact, I like teeny-weeny ones

"That is a selfish attitude," she said. "You ought to give the most praise to thick books. Sagas are what I like best, but they're scarce now. If you ask me, writers are too lazy."

"It's like this," I said. "Some It's like this, I said. "Some things nowadays get bigger and big-ger, like cars, bills, and cigarettes. Other things get smaller and smaller, like radios, books, and bathing suits. We can't do anything about it."

"I like to curl up with a big book," she grumbled. "I can't curl prop-erly with a small book."

Perhaps others feel like Mrs. Peer-Some smart author may make his novel a best-seller by proclaim-ing: "It's king-size!"

The pencil-slim volumes will do

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ND so they were married and lived happily ever after-

Afto so they were married and fived happiny ever afterfor nearly a month.

There wasn't time for a honeymoon, but they didn't
really need one; it all seemed natural and right because
they had been play-acting marriage for so long. And maybe
that was where the trouble began, because Kay had been so
confident that it was all natural and right.

Kay had been the new girl weeking in traffic for the small.

Kay had been the new girl working in traffic for the small local television station—a routine, headachy, important job, without glamor. She had nice hair and good, angular hones in her face, and she was the kind of girl who should be happily married. Marriage and a husband, and, in time, at least two children just fitted naturally with her.

She had been on the job only three days when Bruce Kimball, the programme-director, came one afternoon and leaned

"I've got a proposal to make," he said. He laughed. "Or maybe it's a proposition. I have a good offer for a Mr.-and-Mrs. show . . . selling appliances. But I need a Mrs. Do you think you can do it?"

Just the thought scared her. She looked up into Bruce's lean, good-looking face. His eyes were humorous and quiet, and she knew already that he was very young for the key job he held. He was not only a good programme-director; on the air he gave you that close, intimate feeling when he was talking about a product.

"I'll try" the gold a middle decide for the control of the contr

"I'll try," she said, a sudden decision firming in her. "But I've never been on television in my life."
"Now's a good time to start," he said cheerfully. "And for this you'll get talent money." He looked at her more closely, his eyes going over her face, and for a moment his voice was cautious. "Come on back into the studio and let's see how

you'll look on the beady little screen.

you'll look on the beady little screen. Sometimes the tele-vision camera is rough on a woman's looks."

But it had worked out all right, for she was the rare creature who is more beautiful through the pitiless eye of a television camera than in person. Her voice was all right, too. It was not trained; it sounded exactly like the voice of a housewife she was pretending to be, warm and friendly and sometimes a little anxious.

and sometimes a little anxious.

She learned that her other inadequacy, about which she had not even thought until now, would be filled by the wire services. Every day they fed women's features, household hints and items . . . everything needed for the show. In an hour before going on the air they could piece together a fifteen-minute show that sounded as if they had thought of it all by themselves.

Selves.

She had been frightened on the first programme. But she had natural poise and self-confidence, even with the strange eye of the camera peering at her, and when it was over she felt that it was a success.

But Bruce sat still, frowning thoughtfully.

"It went flat," he said at last. "I don't know what's wrong, but it was flat."

but it was flat."

"It felt all right to me," Kay said anxiously, watching him.
He moved a hand, still frowning. "There must be a thousand local Mr.-and-Mrs. programmes on the air," he said.
"We've got to be something different." He thought again, looking at her absentmindedly. Then his face brightened.
"I've got it. We need a gimmick." He laughed. "In television you're always looking for a gimmick. But I think I've

He lit a cigarette and offered her one. She shook her head, watching him.
"From now on," he said, "you must be the dominant wife.

Suddenly Kay found herself saying things that were not in the script, and although aware of Bruce's disapproval she couldn't stop.

You must straighten my tie, contradict me, maybe cut off my talk once in a while. You must be exasperated occasionally by my leatherheadedness. Our audience will eat it up."

He stopped, breathless with his idea. "Do you think you can do it?"

She nodded her head soberly. "I'll try, Bruce."

Even Kay could tell that the new characterisation made the show immediately alive. With practice she became more deft and subtle at the act, for as time went on she even felt married to Bruce for that fifteen minutes every day. There was a warm, cosy familiarity between them that projected was a warm, cosy familiarity between them that projected through the camera, and their programme climbed steadily in listener interest. They also sold a lot of automatic washers

But something much more important was happening Kay. At first it was just simple and easy to go out with Bruce because they worked so closely together, to eat dinner, and take in a movie once in a while. And, of course, it was natural for them to fall in love.

They were only following the traditional path of true love, but to Kay it was new and sparkling and wonderful. The things he said and the things she answered were words of a bright, shining new coinage, minted especially for them. When he kissed her for the first time it was like a new world before them, in which no one had ever loved so before.

She knew what he was going to say before he said it. She

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She had two roles short

THE Australian Women's Weekly - September 17, 1958





This happy baby had Bengers ...



This little baby had

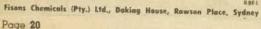
EALLAND I

Bengers Food can make all the difference between a happy, healthy baby and a discontented baby.

Preparing Bengers Food is so simple—you use fresh milk according to the directions which tell you, too, which formula to use to suit your own baby's needs. The secret of Bengers Food lies in the enzymes which partly pre-digest both milk and nutritious Bengers Food — making it so very easy for baby to enjoy full nourishment.

See for yourself how Bengers Food can help your baby! Ask for a tin at your chemist.





# RIVEAN

ICK DENHAM sat waiting in the instruction car for a certain Miss Mahoney, who was seven minutes late. He was thinking virtuously: It's her time she's wasting and she needn't think I'm going to let her run seven minutes over just because

"Hello!" He turned his head sharply at the sound of a ice. It was that kind of voice. "Is this the car?"

Opening the door, he gazed, all unprepared, at Miss Mahoney. Green eyes. Rose-painted mouth. Pale, pale skin with a fetching freekle here and there. And, he saw with a sinking heart, red hair. He had nothing against red hair, but teaching red hair to drive was another matter.

"Yes" he said. Somahow the general of his

"Yes," he said. Somehow the gears of his voice-box remed to have meshed, and to his shame it came out as Yurss.

"I thought there'd evedly. "I thought She slipped inside, agile as a boy. "I the be two lots of controls," she said aggrievedly. we'd sort of play a duet."

"No." o." He cleared his throat. "When you drive, you'll alone." He saw no point in adding that his hand be hovering over the hand-brake like a nervous butterfly.
"Well," she took the steering-wheel in a strong, loving

grip, "let's go."
Rick looked at her askance. "You already know how to

'Should I be here," said Miss Mahoney with pretty scorn,

"if I knew how to drive?"

At that he got out of the car and walked around to her side of it. "You'd better let me have the driving seat,

Miss Mahoney. She sat there, stubbornly. I knew it, he thought. Red hair.

She sat there, stubbornly. I knew it, he thought. Red hair. This time I've got to have patience.

He heard her say, "How can I learn to drive if you won't let me have the controls?"

"Let's see," he said with jovial calm that was becoming almost natural to him after six months at the gruelling trade. "Shall we find out how these gadgets work first?"

Miss Mahoney gave way reluctantly, and he reached into the car-pocket for a printed form. "This gives you the plan of attack—I want you to memorise it. Now, many modern cars have automatic gear-change, but you never know when of attack—I want you to memorise it. Now, many modern cars have automatic gear-change, but you never know when you'll meet a car that hasn't, so I'm teaching you the old-fashioned way." He sketched the starting routine. "Then release the clutch," he finished, and did so. The car slid smoothly forward. "And there you are!"

"Now that you've got her going," said Miss Mahoney, "could we change places?"

Shooting her a look of stark astonishment, he discovered she was absolutely serious.
"No!"

"No!"

He saw her chin come up and forward.

"And pray, why not?"

"Because if a policeman saw me playing circus tricks like that," he said forcibly, "he would put me in gaol so deep I'd never again see the light of—" He braked suddenly.

So intent had he been on his discourse that he had missed a light—a bright red one. Steady, he warned himself.

"But when," said his companion plaintively, "are you going to let me drive?"

"Who are here."

"When you know how!"
"But I'll never know how if you don't let me try."
He raised his voice. "You'll notice I switched off the engine that red light. You can save a considerable amount of petat that red light. Yo

"Oh, not to worry," said his client cheerfully. "Suttle can afford petrol by the tanker."

"Edward Sutton, my boss. It's his idea that I learn to drive

"Edward Sutton, my boss. It's his idea that I learn to drive—so that we can take it in turns on long journeys."

Rick felt an odd mood seize him. Not annoyance, not despair, but something of both in a minor key. He suspected he was disgruntled. The name that had produced this fleeting disgruntlement was vaguely familiar. "Sutton . .?"

"Oh, he's a writer, lecturer, you know. You've probably seen him on television."

"Ah, yes." What was she doing, going on long trips with that chattering baboon? What were her parents thinking of, permitting her?

He drew up at the cul-de-sac where he generally let his beginners begin. It was a pleasant little street, though dented somewhat here and there. That bend in the railings was a memento of Martin Coppin's first lesson. The slight tilt to the third tree was Mrs. Wingle's handiwork.

It was probably only a matter of time before the residents put a road-block across it, a road-block held, no doubt, at

but a road-block across it, a road-block held, no doubt, at gunpoint. For the present, however, it served very well. He let her have the driving-seat, just to make her happy, and explained to her how the gears worked.

She waggled the gear-lever forcefully for some minutes, then said, "Well, I've got that, what else?"

"Now leave it in neutral." She left it in reverse, Yes. In reverse. Rick pointed this out. Gently. In all charity, "How can anyone tell," she said indignantly, "when every

gear position looks the same?" He took her hand and guided her through the gear changes again. It was part of the routine; you had to teach learners the feel of the gears. But never before had he encountered a learner with such a soft hand.

Compared with that hand, silk was something with which you grated cheese. With some difficulty he brought his mind back to his work.

"There," he finished. "It's in neutral."

She said, with a green, slanting look of infinite pity, "It's

It was. With a vein in his temple throbbing like a jungle drum, Rick put the car back into neutral. I don't have to do this, he comforted himself. I own the garage. I can quite easily leave the tuition side to old Greenwood or young Sam. "That's all very well," she was saying impatiently, "bin what makes it go?"

"Simplified," he said heavily, "you put her into gear."

"Like this?" she said, getting it right.

"Yes, then release that left pedal as you push down the right one. Hey!"

He had barely finished speaking before the car gave a sudden convulsive leap forward and flew like a flung stone towards the stout brick wall at the end of the cul-de-sac

His face turning an unusual shade of waterlily-green, Rick flung himself at the brake. He stopped the car in time, but only just in time. The vehicle was quivering like slapped aspic when it came to rest, but not more so than Denham

'Good grief, you could have killed us!" he roared. ought to haul you over my knee and belt the living daylights

out of you!"

She was pale, but mutinous. "I only did what you told-" She was pale, but mutinous. "I only did what you told—"
"I did not give you permission to start the car." With an
effort he lowered his voice. An instructor, he reminded himself, did not yell at his client. An instructor did not
threaten her—richly though she may deserve it—with bodily
harm. An instructor—and he'd given more than one lecture on the subject to young Sam—led his charge gently
by the hand, so to speak, into a fuller understanding of
his machine.

A distant clock harm to strike. Sand he shought Sund

A distant clock began to strike. Saved, he thought. Saved by the bell. "I have another client at eight," he said thankfully, and got her back to her point of embarkation with as much speed as was compatible with safety.

He left her next lesson in the hands of Jim Greenwood,

a married man of 53, whose phlegmatic temperament was a local legend.

Once, when Jim's car had been slewed across the road in the peak of a storm, he had been moved to admit to his

Even so, Rick thought it was getting right windy.

Even so, Rick thought it would be only charitable to offer a warning. "Watch her like a hawk—she's lethal."

Jim took a long draw on his pipe. "Hmm."

Jim took a long draw on his pipe. "Hmm."

"Does everything wrong, then blames you.".

"Hmm." Jim took another pull at his pipe. "Don't think I'll have any trouble."

Smug, thought Rick. Ha, he'll see. He was waiting for them when the lesson was over, expecting a revelation—old Jim in tears perhaps. But when they got out of the car old Jim was saying, "Not too bad, not too bad at all." He lit his pipe with quite steady hands. "Bit quick off the clutch, but you young ladies have a tendency to that, I find."

Miss Mahoney smiled at him brilliantly. "When can I try for my licence?"

Rick was about to suggest April, 1973, but to his astonish-

try for my licence?"
Rick was about to suggest April, 1973, but to his astonishment Jim said, "End of the month, maybe."
Astounded, Rick followed his instructor into the office. "What do you mean, end of the month? That young woman couldn't drive a kiddy-car by the end of the month."
Jim said obstinately, "She's coming along quite nicely."
"But when I took her out—"
"Well. I don't like to say this, Mr. Denham, but you

"But when I took her out—"
"Well, I don't like to say this, Mr. Denham, but you haven't got the knack," said Jim with infinite kindness. "You might be able to teach a pugilist to drive a truck perhaps, but a highly strung young lady—ah, no! They're nervous, young ladies are, Mr. Denham—you've got to give 'em confidence!"

"Confidence!" Rick exploded. "Give her confidence!" He thought of the boundless confidence with which she had hurled them at the brick wall and inquired incredulously, "You find her nervous?

"All young ladies are nervous." It was obviously one of the rules by which Jim Greenwood lived. Let her snatch the wheel from him, let her flatten three policemen in a row, let her drape traffic-lights like daisychains across the bonnet—she was only nervous.

The beautiful Miss Mahoney turned up again the following night. She had, Rick learned on consulting the records



Most men can teach most girls to drive a car, but Rick soon found Kate was the exception to the rule.

#### BY SHEILA SIBLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

a lesson booked for every night that month. This time, inspired by heaven knew what—masochism, he suspected—he prepared to take her out again. But she flatly refused to

"No, you make me feel like a fool. I want him." She pointed to Jim Greenwood. "He's kind. He doesn't threaten to beat the living daylights out of me if I make a little mistake."

"Mr. Denham!" Old Jim looked for all the world like a reproachful wire-haired terrier. "Did you do that?"

He had, of course. "She nearly smashed the car against six-foot wall," Rick said bitterly. "What should I have some? Knelt at her feet and burst into song?"

No judge ever spoke more solemnly to the accused than Jim did then. "I think I'd better give Miss Mahoney this lesson," he said, in a way that brooked no denying, least of all from his rightful boss.

For the next three weeks Rick saw Jim head off into the placid evening with Miss Mahoney at the wheel, and after each lesson he listened to a homespun homily on The Art of Teaching Driving to Nervous Young Ladies.

When he had just about as much of this routine as any When he had just about as much of this routine as any red-blooded man could stand, Jim Greenwood came to him to beg a night off. He had promised to teach his wife to drive for some time, he said, and now she had issued an ultimatum: this Saturday night, or else . . . Though Rick agreed, he agreed apprehensively. It meant that Miss Mahoney was his sole charge again—he couldn't leave a driver of her erratic calibre to young Sam.

And though Miss Mahoney, when not behind a steering-wheel, impressed him as being as gay as she was beautiful, it was his considered opinion that once behind the wheel there was little to choose between her and Boadicea bent

She started the car, which skipped to a halt in a way at raised his hackles immediately. "Too jerky," he growled. that raised his hackles immediately, "You've stalled her."

She returned him glare for glare, "And the same to you," she said with some hostility. It was a hostility that had reached staggering proportions by the time the car moved off, which was some ten minutes and six tries later.

They turned into the main road in an unfriendly silence. Rick asked, "Hasn't Jim taught you how to signal a left

"Nag, nag, nag," said Miss Mahoney bitterly.
"I don't want to nag," he said through stiffening lips,
"but that was a red light . . ."

"but that was a red light."

As she turned round to look, the car veered to the left.

He snatched the steering-wheel straight again. "For pity's sake look where you're going! Those were lights!"

"That light's green."
"Of course it is, but when we passed it was red. Look out, there's another."

out, there's another."

"Red lights, red lights!" she stormed. "That's all you can think of. You're just trying to upset me, that's all."

Rick clamped his teeth together for fear of what he might say. "Take the next side street on the right," he said

finally.

She said stubbornly, "Mr. Greenwood thinks I'm good enough to drive in traffic."

"For pity's sake, woman!" He found he was shouting at her. "Will you do as you're told?"

"Since you ask so nicely!" she said furiously, and swerved into the next turning.

Rick counted quietly to ten, "We're coming to a minor intersection," he said, with an effort at instructional calm. What do you do now?" She transferred her stormy gaze from the road to him. "How can I guess what you expect me to do? I'm not a mind-

It took him only a fraction of a second to reach the hand-

It took him only a fraction of a second to reach the hand-brake, which was just as well, for had he hesitated the car would have buried its nose in the flank of the truck that shot out of the turning ahead of them.

As Rick braked, so did the truck-driver, with such abrupt-ness that the load of metal buckets he was carrying burst its bonds and hurtled to the ground with a clatter that brought heads to windows the full length of the street. With a slow, majestic step the driver approached them. "I want a word with you lot," he said massively.

The redheaded Miss Mahoney was out of the car before Rick could stop her. "And I want a word with you!" she said ominously.

you!" she said ominously.

"A woman!" said the truck-driver with infinite disgust. "I might have known. Cor, I might have known!"

Miss Mahoney clenched her pretty fists, "You oughtn't to be allowed on the road!" she said. oughtn't to be allowed on the road!" she said. "You're a killer, that's what you are. You are not driving at Le Mans, you know," she informed him, white with rage, "you are only guiding a de-crepit old truck through a quiet suburban street. This mad daredevilry of yours is going to land you in gaol.

She stretched to her full height, which was three inches lower than the driver's shoulder, he being the length and breadth of a sizeable tree-trunk. "I ought to knock you down!" she threat-

Rick couldn't bear to look any longer. He put

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The Australian Women's Wherly - September 17, 1958

SCHO



Exciting story of a man on the run . . . beginning a two-part serial

#### By ANDREW GARVE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

T was half-past nine in the morning when the ringing of her bedside telephone roused Louise Hilary from her deep sleep. She resisted the summons as long as she could, and then she groped for the ivory receiver.

"Who is it?" she mumbled.

"Hallo, Louise, It's Charles,"
"What do you want?"
"Haven't you read my letter?"
"What letter?"

"What letter?"
"I posted it last night—you must have had it by now."
"Well, I haven't. It's probably on the mat."
"Then please get it and read it. Louise, I've got to see you.
Gan I call this afternoon?"
Her face puckered as she tried to remember what day of the week it was. Thursday?—no, Friday.
"I'm going away today—I'll be packing this afternoon."
"Then I shall come this morning. It's absolutely vital that I see you. How about twelve noon?"
"Oh, all right—if you must." She dropped the receiver.

"Oh, all right—if you must." She dropped the receiver back on its rest, mentally cursing her husband.

Pushing aside the rumpled sheets, she stood for a moment gazing at herself in the long mirror. Her face, smudged with yesterday's make-up, was a ruin. Her eyes were bloodshot, her cheeks gaunt. I'm becoming a hag, she thought, worse every day. But at least her figure was pretty good for a woman of forty. Not, of course, that Max knew she was forty.

forty.

She frowned as she thought of Max Raczinsky, with his stupid demands and threats. What a bore these jealous types were! It wasn't even as though he had any right to be possessive—he had absolutely nothing to offer. No money to speak of, not even a flat of his own. And really, she couldn't be blamed for getting fed up with the risky hotel weekends. Now with Gerald it was going to be quite a different matter—a substantial income and a luxurious apartment. They'd be able to have lots of fun when he got back from Canada.

Meanwhile, the sooner she left London the better—she hadn't liked that look in Max's eyes. Probably he hadn't meant what he'd said, but you could never be sure with Poles. She must remember to ring up about her ticket.

She wrapped the dressing-gown round her and went down

She wrapped the dressing-gown round her and went down

Charles had been so pressing that she felt some curiosity Charles had been so pressing that she felt some curiosity about its contents. But when she read the four closely written sheets she found that it was the same old story. The only new thing was a note of desperation, which was very satisfying. He was obviously in a pretty bad state or he'd never have courted the humiliation of another meeting with her after what had happened before. "My last appeal to you . .!" She smiled sourly. Not it! He'd go on asking—what else could he do? And she'd go on refusing.

Her head still felt as though it were filled with damp bloss.

Her head still felt as though it were filled with damp blot-ting paper, and she took a benzedrine tablet to wake herself up. That was routine, like the luminal at night. She ran a bath and lay in it for twenty minutes, the warm water sooth-ing her inflamed nerves.

Before dressing she made a casual attempt to clear up some of the previous day's disorder.

It was a luxurious maisonette that Charles had provided for her, and expensively furnished, but she never bothered about keeping it decent. She had always regarded it as a bribe that hadn't come off. She gathered the cushions from the floor in the sitting-room; emptied the lipsticked butts from the ashtray, and removed a glass from the polished top of the new television set.

The smell of last night's dregs was enough to set her off. She poured out a large rum, added a splash of ginger ale, and took a long drink. Her day had begun.

Charles Hilary parked his car on the leafy side of the Kensington street, out of the August sun, and approached the mews with a purposeful stride. He was a tall, slim man, bare-headed and youthful-looking, with a lean, thoughtful face permanently tanned by twenty years in the sub-Page 22

Though the door of No. 1 had been left open for him, he knocked as any stranger would have done, waited for his wife's invitation before entering.

Apart from a momentary glimpse he had had of her one funchtime in Piccadilly, when she had been getting into a taxi with a man, he hadn't set eyes on her for nearly five months, and the shock of her appearance stopped him, on the threshold of the sitting-room, like a blow.

"When you're finished staring . . ." she said irritably. She didn't trouble to move. She was lounging on the settee in a well-cut but crumpled black suit, with a magazine on her lap and an empty tumbler beside her.

"I'm sorry. How are you, Louise?"

"As though you cared!" As always, everything about him jarred on her—his good looks, his healthy, out-of-doors appearance, his pretended concern for her. "Have a drink," she

"Not just now, thanks."

"Well, get me one."

"Look. Louise-

"No drink, no talk. Please yourself."

He sighed. "What is it—the usual?"
"The usual." Louise smiled maliciously. "Remember introducing me to it in Port of Spain?"

"I couldn't know you were going to make it your boon companion." Charles picked up the bottle of rum, poured out the pale, amber liquid, added a little ginger ale, and passed the glass to her. Louise took it and drank, and set

"By now you've read my letter, I hope?"
"I've glanced through it."

The glanced through it.

Charles controlled himself with difficulty. "Did you gather enough of the contents to form a view about it," he asked, "or must I go over the ground again?"

"If you want to grovel, grovel by all means, but it won't make a scrap of difference. I shall never divorce you. You'll be my husband till death us do part!"

The gloating finality of her tone shocked him. She had always said she wouldn't divorce him, but this malevolent glee was something new.

"You'd be better off financially."

"I do quite nicely, thanks. You couldn't buy a divorce from me if you were Rockefeller."

"You may not continue to do nicely if there's no divorce. I could stop your allowance.

"Nonsense! I'd sue you."

"Have some sense, Louise. You wouldn't be able to live like this on a court order."

"And you wouldn't let it go to court. You'd hate the nasty publicity. Anyway, you're not the only man in the world. I'd get by—don't worry."

"Aren't you taking rather a chance? As you say, there are other men. I may be able to divorce you in time. Then where would you be?"

"You'd have to find the men first."

"You'd have to find the men first."
"I don't suppose that would be difficult."
"That's just where you're wrong. I don't believe in taking risks. It's a nuisance sometimes having to be so discreet, but it's worth it. No, you'll never free yourself that way."
He looked at her, baffled. "Louise," he said, "I wish I could understand your attitude. You're keeping us tied together out of sheer spite."

gether out of sheer spite.

"How right you are!"

"How right you are!"
Charles sat staring at the floor. He knew it was uscless to speak, but his sense of justice revolted.

"All right," he said at last, in as matter-of-fact a voice as he could manage, "you loathe me, but, Louise, I'm not the only one involved. There's Kathryn. She's done you no harm—she's taken nothing you wanted. Can't you be generous to her?"

"Why should I? I hate her."

He stared at her in astonishment. "How can you say that? You've never met her—you've never even seen her."



"Oh, yes, I have." She glanced across at the television et. "I've watched her—often. I could kill her."

Following the direction of her gaze, Charles suddenly understood what it was that had warped her mind and filled her heart with such bitter and implacable hatred. He had a mental picture of the room in darkness and the screen lit up, and Louise sitting alone in a haze of rum and self-pity, a physical and moral wreck, watching the other woman who was young and vital and charming, and happy as she herself would never be again. Knowing herself inferior in all respects but one—power—power to harm!

'Yes, I see," he said slowly. "That's-pretty horrible.'

"You were always so understanding," she sneered.

"All the same," he said, "it's not getting you anywhere. It isn't making you happy to stand in her way. Can't you realise how terribly hard it is on her?"

"It's been hard on me. I can't see what she's got to whine about . . . I'll never divorce you—never. If she's so set on you, let her live with you."

"Louise! Don't dare to talk like that!" He took a step towards her, his hands clenched. The blood pounded in his

She gave him a jeering smile. "You'd like to hit me, wouldn't you? Such an active man—but hardly a man of action, eh, Charles? You prefer to write letters, don't you? You prefer to beg. Why don't you go down on your knees and plead for your popsy?" She reached for her glass and drained it and lay back, mocking him.

For a second time he almost lost control. He had never in his life felt towards anyone as he did at that moment towards her. He stood looking down at the spiteful, ravaged face, the strings throat

her. He stood tooking down at the stringy throat.

Then he turned away from her, shutting out the sight.

He strode out of the room and across the narrow hall and out through the open front door without a word. He was trembling with anger. What a fool he'd been to come!

THE Australian Women's Wherly - September 17, 1958

On days when he happened to be in the West End and Kathryn couldn't meet him, he usually lunched at his club, the Colonial Services, where he had several good friends. Mechanically he drove in that direction now, but as he approached Pall Mall he knew that the last thing he wanted to do was to talk to anyone. Instead, he parked the car and walked through to Duncannon Street, where there was a pub he liked. He ordered a sandwich and a pint of mild and hitter.

He still felt shaken by the violence of his rage, and the impulse which he had so narrowly mastered. This business must be getting him down more than he realised. It would have been easier if he could have seen Kathryn at once and told her what had happened, but she wouldn't be free until the early evening. Meanwhile, he had to kill time.

He could go back to his flat and get on with his work, of course. He was writing a report on a subject which he found absorbing—small holdings in Trinidad. But today he had no heart for it. He considered various ways of passing the

He was still debating when a newspaper headline caught his eye. "England All Out," it said. Now that was an idea—lie could go to the Oval. It was years since he had watched any first-class cricket, and he had heard that there were one or two spectacular batsmen in the Indian team.

He finished his beer and walked slowly back to his car. He finished his beer and walked slowly back to his car. Now that cricket was decided on, he became preoccupied again with the fundamental problem of what he and Kathryn were going to do. Kathryn, of course, would say that Louise had settled the matter for them, and that they must go ahead with their plans. It would be hard to resist her—and harder still to resist his own deep longing.

It was just after two o'clock when he reached the Oval. All the stands were full—the Test match and the fine day combined had drawn a huge crowd. He paid his five shillings at the turnstile and edged his way round the field.

The cricket proved disappointingly dull. Runs were coming

The cricket proved disappointingly dull. Runs were coming

at an incredibly slow rate, and there was an air of lethargy about the game. For a while he made an effort to follow the play, but gradually his attention wandered and his thoughts turned inwards again.

He glanced apathetically at his score card as the fall of a wicket brought a stir of interest among spectators. He had only the vaguest idea of what had been going on, and suddenly it seemed absurd that he should be standing here when he couldn't keep his mind on the game for two consecutive minutes. He'd be better off at home—it would be hours yet before he could see Kathryn.

He waited until the new batsman was settled in, but when the play showed no sign of picking up he decided to call it a day, and threaded his way back through the anonymous throng to the exit.

Kathryn Forrester was saying: "In fact, Sir John, we need many more policemen. That's the answer, isn't it?" She was sitting in a deck-chair on the lawn outside Sir

She was sitting in a deck-enant on the lawn outside on John Fawcett's country home, thoughtfully turning the pages of the book of reminiscences which was to be the basis of her forthcoming television interview with the retired Com-missioner of Police.

"That's it," he agreed.

"Well, that should be a good note to end on." Kathryn turned the book sideways and examined one of the photographs. "You know, I'm wondering if it mightn't be a good idea to break up our conversation with actual film shots of some of the things we'll be talking about. For instance, the police and the miners playing football together during the general strike..."

"That would be splendid. Would you be able to get hold of the film?"

I expect it could be managed. We've quite a collection of

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ARTHA seldom mentioned anything she wanted, because Mike was generous and it burt him not to be able to indulge her with presents and luxuries as their husbands did for her two sisters.

He didn't even want her to go out to work, although there wasn't enough work to keep her busy a whole day in their small, dark apartment. Martha was gently wilful. She earned a little money working four hours a day three days a week in the big local hospital. A lively girl could go mad without something vital to do and without the money to keep up with her prosperous

She got this idea after she had been to visit one of them on Long Island, and she spoke of it because it was so utterly impossible. She might as well have said "I want a ferry-boat of my own" with just as much prospect of acquiring it.

She leaned over the window dge into the courtyard well, that was little more than an airshaft, and said, "Oh, how I long for a garden with a willow tree and red roses, and an arbor roofed with vines to sit under, and a lily pond."

She drew her head in and shut the window, surprised to see Mike was taking her seriously. "That's quite taking her seriously. "That's quite a wish," he said. "I guess at least five million people in this city are right now sharing it with you."

ght now sharing it wan you.

Martha felt better now she'd expressed this yearning much I want a garden as a view of one. Just to look out of one of these windows and see living green —"She laughed. "One of the kids has been in the ward four months. He sends for free garden catalogues. Sits up in bed gloating over

"It's an idea," he said thoughtfully, "Get some, will you—"
Martha laid her cheek on his

rumpled head, "Don't make fun of me, darling,"

Mike was not making fun. He worked as a salesman in a paint and varnish store that had a small art-material department. He came home with a cheap, paper-backed book that claimed anyone could

"Not just walls and woodwork," "Not just waits and woodwork, he explained to Martha, "but pic-tures. It's logical. People painted pictures before they learned to write. And primitive paintings can be more colorful and satisfying than good art-if you get me.

"No, I don't, quite. Why this sudden whim to paint pictures? What on earth put that in your head?"

"You, darling." He glanced at the blank expanse of wall opposite the divan and the coffee-table. "That's the place for your window that gives a view on your garden. I'm going to try and paint one."

"Why, Mike! That's wonderful!"

"And you're wonderful for not

"And you're wonderful for not telling me I can't do it. It'll be somewhat a schoolboy effort—I was good when I was seven—"
"Never mind how bad. Get a canvas, quick. And get a big one."
Mike brought home a big one, a cheap cotton one which he explained gravely would last only two hundred years. "Too bad if it turns out a masterpiece."

masterpiece.

They studied the book together a how to mix and lay on the colors. on now to mix and lay on the colors. Martha forgot it was only a picture. She dreamed of her garden. She woke up with new ideas. She sent for catalogues and chose the flowers. And listen, Mike, let's have the house in the background way down here. And hills in the distance, there have and fav. or se because the blue and far, so we know there's a long view from the from windows. And a high sky with a big white cloud sailing over. And a big willow here in the front, shading the pond.

Make it early June, still fresh with spring, but the roses are coming out. I want a bush of this dark red—Star of Holland — and this white and this creamy yellow. I can smell them-almost-

Mike went to the library and looked at roses painted by Renoir, also his gardens and country houses. He came back with a light in his eyes and painted Martha's rose-bushes. They had a strange, primitive, but lovely quality, all Mike's own.

own.

Tears came in Martha's eyes when she came back from the hospital. "Oh, Mike, I can smell them!"

"Turpentine, of course!"
"Darling, do you think I could have some little garden statuary?"
"You can have anything you like in this garden, regardless expense!"

Martha laughed, "Of course, And regardless of clime or season. I can have a monkey-tree and hibis-cus and lemon and pomegranate and

orchids swinging from the oak and a tiger from the rhododendrons."

But Mike was in love with his painting. "We won't mix it that much. When this is finished you shall have your Oriental garden." In three weeks the garden picture

was finished, and Mike fixed two nails and hung it on the wall. It worked a miracle. It took the eye worked a miracle. It took the eye into far, far distances, towards a deep sky over pale blue hills. The garden in the foreground glowed with color, and yet Mike's airy brushwork and film shadows gave to

it a dreaming peace.

Martha thanked him for it. "Nobody ever did anything for me like this. I like it better than a real

"I do, too—I haven't been so happy in years. I wish I hadn't finished it so soon—"
"Well, I'll order one for the bath-

Mike wasn't so keen on starting

"I have a customer who wants to buy your picture," the dealer told Martha when she went to collect it.

it. This was something out of his system—a vague memory of a Ver-mont garden that had been paradise to him one summer in his childhood. Living with the picture, Martha fell more and more in love with it.

She took it to a framer and art dealer who dealt in fine modern frames and found she could have it framed on the easy-payment system. She left it with him.

She left it with him.

He made no comment on the picture, nor did she ask for one. But the she had a she ask and anything was a she with the she ask and anything was a she with the she was a his failure to say anything was a disappointment. The room looked small and colorless in the garden's absence, and Mike commented on the cramped feeling in the room when he came home. when he came home.

"Tell the guy to hurry with it. I don't want to miss the buds opening on the Star of Holland..."

Martha said, without laughing, "You know, I almost feel I can watch them opening, too."

The art dealer had a different opinion. "This isn't good painting in the academic sense, Mrs. Valentine, but it's mot bad either. It has faults but it's engend and the salories. tine, but it's not bad either. It has faults, but it's rugged and the color's clean—it has atmosphere, it's art. And I have a customer who wants to buy it."

She had a vague idea that paintings were hard to sell. It was a shock. Her heart thumped. The dealer wistook her illed to the color of the color o

dealer mistook her silence.
"Only a hundred dollars. It's a

big picture, but he isn't known

yet."

Martha was silent now from caution. "I don't know. I'd have to ask my husband. I don't know if he'd want to sell it."

The dealer gestured with his hand to the pictures round the walls, the stacks five and six deep lining the floor. "People buy pictures for several reasons—they un-

derstand art and they love certain things—for decoration—for investment—for prestige—and some to open windows in their rooms. This is in this popular class."

He pointed to some winter snow scenes with red barns and sleight with prancing horses and people in fur clothing.

"Those are well done, but little better than Christmas cards. I can sell them as fast as he can bring them in. Also those pictures of boats on the beach, the sandhills and the sea. More windows in city walls. I can sell gardens like this as fast as your hydrod can cain! walls. I can sell gardens use as fast as your husband can paint them—while those abstracts and those lovely landscapes will hang till the walls fall down."

Martha suffered. It was terrible think of money within reach and Mike's probable reaction to it Also she didn't want to part with her picture. "This is too heavy for me. I'll go home and ask him," she said. "He can talk when he comes for it."

Mike was reading the paper in Mile was reading the paper in the living-room when she got home. "The picture's ready to come home. You'll have to get it. Too heavy. Oh, Mike, it looks so handsome."

He glanced thoughtfully at the

blank space on the wall.

"Almost sorry it's coming back
More fun to do another one. Gost. it must be marvellous to earn your living that way. I keep thinking of more gardens—another one and

of more gardens—another one and another one. Almost wish I'd never got the idea in the first place—Martha saw a vista without end through a window that wasn't even there. A sparkling happiness rushed up through her like a dancing fountain. "Mike, dear—I have news for you—"

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### MUSSOLINI, MY MAN

After the death of my son Bruno, all my memories are sad, writes Rachele Mussolini, widow of Italy's dictator. In this issue she continues her memoirs from July, 1943, when Mussolini was arrested by the Fascist Party he founded.

AFTER Benito's arrest I found myself alone in the Villa Torlonia, Rome, without help or moral support, and knowing nothing of his fate.

Next morning, to avoid go-ing mad with worry, I started on the laundry. Homely tasks always helped me through a

risis.

I worked on till a messenger arrived from Princess Mafalda, daughter of King Victor, with a note saying how unhappy she was about the whole affair and that my husband was safe.

Next day Villa Torlonia was occupied by 300 soldiers with armored cars.

with armored cars.

I had just collected the eggs from the chicken run and was in the garden when a German officer asked me: "Is this Mus-solini's villa?"

#### Ugly house

I realised he had taken me for the housekeeper, so I sim-

ply nodded.

The young officer ordered me to show him round.

"What an ugly house," he said. "What ugly furniture. Are you sure we are not in the staff rooms?"

He stopped before a picture of Bruno in his flying uniform.
"I knew him," he said. "I went to school with him in



#### By RACHELE MUSSOLINI

he died. He was a good kid,

simple, gay, no airs."
"Yes," I whispered. "He was a good boy."

The officer turned to me. "Have you met him, too?" he asked.
"I am his mother," I said,

bursting into tears.

The young German kissed me. He could not believe Mussolini's wife had been left alone at the Villa Torlonia, where anything might happen. They were the first kind words I had heard for many days.

Next day a police official brought me a letter from

"Dear Rachele," it said, "the bearer will tell you what I need. You know what I should eat, but don't send too much. I cannot tell you where send me some clothes, as I have none, and some books. Don't worry. Love to the children.

I was also given a letter from Marshal Badoglio (who deposed Mussolini) asking me coldly to send Benito clothes and money for food.

I raged as I read that letter. For 20 years my husband had refused titles and honors. Every present he received he had given away, including villas and palaces.

And now Badoglio, who fattened on Fascism, refused him a piece of bread.

I selected some books, in-cluding "The Life of Christ," by Ricciotti, which Benito had just started to read.

I filled a basket with a chicken, fresh tomatoes, fruit, and noodles.

A few days later I was taken to Rocca della Caminate, our home near Forli, where I found Romano, Anna Maria, and Bruno's daughter, Marina.

We could walk round the park, but the guards had orders to shoot us if we passed the gate.

I still did not know where Benito was, I went almost mad trying to guess.

Towards the end of August I was asked to prepare some heavy clothes for him. I knew then he was being taken to the mountains.

At the beginning of Septem-ber, when the Allied Forces landed at Salerno, our plight grew worse. The guard was

A few days after Badoglio arranged an armistice with the Allies, four German officers arrived at the Rocca from Rome and announced we had only three-quarters of an hour to pack and leave.

I went round the Rocca bidding goodbye to the things dearest to me. Among them I saw a picture of Benito with

Badoglio. I smashed the glass of the picture and tore it to shouting insults at Badoglio.

We were flown to Munich, where great news awaited me. As I was finishing supper a German officer said:

"Today our fliers freed the Duce from his prison on the Gran Sasso (in the Apennine Mountains). He is already on his way to Germany. To-morrow you will see him."

[Mussolini was rescued from his mountain prison by a German glider squadron, who landed on the little plateau and overpowered the Italian guards.]

I met Benito at the airport.

I met Benito at the airport. He was so pale and thin I scarcely recognised him.

We spent the night at the famous Karl Palatz. Benito's room was full of mirrors, marble, and carpets. He felt so ill at ease that he moved into mine, which was not so into mine, which was not so impressive.

First I prepared him a very hot bath. He needed it badly.

I was shocked at the state I was shocked at the state of his undergarments. Stockings had holes. His shirt was dirty. His underwear, too large and too long, had been given to him by a sailor.

We talked for hours. I begged him not to go back to Italy. "There is nothing left," I sald him.

I told him.

"I'll start all over again," he replied bitterly. He ex-plained we had to keep faith at all costs with Germany.

#### Prevent ruin

"Perhaps this decision will cost me my life," he said, "but it is the only way to stave off complete ruin for Italy. The German vendetta would be merciless if I refused to stay on their side."

Next morning Benito left to meet Hitler. He returned to broadcast an appeal to Italy to continue the war.

needed peace, Benito was forced into a painful meeting with Ciano, Edda's husband, who had voted for his down-fall. In those days, when he most

Ciano had sought refuge in Germany. Edda and their children were with him.

I was happy to have news of Edda, but I thought Ciano had made a great mistake in asking the Germans to protect

They would never forgive his vote against Benito his anti-German attitude the war, later confirmed by

"He has thrown himself into e lion's jaw," I told Rothe lion's jaw," I told Ro-mano. I concluded later that Galeazzo was certain Hitler



PRE-WAR picture of Count Galeazzo Ciano, his wife, Edda, Mussolini's favorite daughter, and two of their children.

### Give up Benito," I begged Claretta Petacci

would never betray Musso-lini's son-in-law.

Edda came to visit us at the Karl Palatz. Her appear-ance horrified me. She was barely recognisable — thin, agitated, with feverish eyes.

Galeazzo had sent her to the

Fuhrer for permission to leave for Portugal. Hitler had an-swered, "No."

Edda persuaded Benito to meet Ciano. I was present at first meeting.

Galeazzo protested against the charge of treason. Benito listened in silence.

His sufferings in prison had made him more prone to forgive than to hate. Besides, Benito loved Edda,

possibly the only person in the world from whom he had

taken advice. For love of Edda, I was willing to stifle my resentment, but when I got Ciano alone I was not so indulgent. "You have done wrong," I

said, "and maybe one day you will have to answer for it." Ciano met Benito twice

more. On both occasions he pleaded to be sent back to the war, even as an ordinary air-man, to show his repentance and his loyalty to Germany. Towards the end of Septem-

ber, 1943, Benito decided to return to Italy.

#### "Nothing left"

He went to stay at the Rocca and telephoned me every ight. I sensed he was worabout conditions in . "You were right," he me. "There is nothing old me.

I joined him at the Rocca on November 3, and later went with him to Lake Garda. Al-though in good health, Benito obsessed by the terrible drama looming over our

On October 19, as he left the plane that took him from Germany to Italy, Galeazzo Ciano was arrested and taken

This did not surprise me. I realised my son-in-law's posi-tion was difficult and that not even my husband could do anything for him.

The great majority of Fas-cists demanded that those responsible for overthrowing Mussolini should be punished and that no exception should be made for Galeazzo, whose only plea not to be tried with the others was that he had married Mussolini's daughter.

It is painful for me to talk of this. I suffered for Benito, whom I saw tormented by an

whom I saw tormented by an impossible dilemma.

I suffered for Edda, who had to face her terrible fate without help or assistance—not even from her mother.

I do not know who suffered most. I do know, however, the anguish of Benito, who had to give the order for the trial and subject his own personal feelings to politics, although he never thought—of this I am sure—that the trial would end in tragedy.

As soon as Benito realised

he was fighting against the impossible he became unap-proachable and shut himself up in silence.

Only after Bruno's death had my children and I seen him so frantic and depressed, so indifferent to everything.

Later, if anyone mentioned the Verona trial, my husband would stop him with a fierce

Only to me did he reveal his anguish. "Rachele," he said, "on that morning I started to

The lake itself was sad that morning. I had not slept.
More than once I had gone to
Benito's door and stopped
there without the courage to

He had the light on. I heard him pacing restlessly. He was still clinging to hope. About 9 a.m. two officers, one German, one Italian,

had shaken him deeply.

Those were nightmare days.
I thought of Edda's children my grandchilden — and of the immense grief of Galeazzo's mother, Countess Carolina.

Carolina sent my husband a sad but generous letter that made him cry.

Often she came to console him and tell him she blamed no one for what had happened.

Even now Carolina is my best friend. She loves Edda and has helped her raise my grandchildren in respectful re-membrance of their father and constant veneration for the memory of my husband. [The war went badly for

Italy. British and American troops hammered through the line the Germans threw across the country. Mussolini had already been forced to move his headquarters to Gargnano,





IL DUCE with the German paratroopers who rescued him from his mountain prison in 1943. He was pale and thin and his clothes were dirty.

brought him the news: Galeazzo and the other men had been executed.

office for the rest of the morning. At noon Vittorio ar-rived. He and his father talked

low voices for an hour. Benito had not even had a cup of tea. I insisted he take lunch with us, but he are nothing and soon left without say-

ing a word.

In the afternoon he went as In the atternoon he went as usual to his headquarters at Villa Orsolina, where his sec-retary informed him the Ger-mans had been watching him

Closely for several days.

To the end they suspected someone else would be shot in place of Ciano.

The children and I had sup-per alone that terrible even-ing. No one spoke. Romano turned on the radio, but I stopped him.

I did not want Benito to be disturbed. When he returned from Villa Orsolina he shut himself in his room without

He had been told Edda had disappeared from Ramiola, where she spent the last dreadful days of waiting. Edda had THE Australian Women's Werkly - September 17, 1958

on Lake Garda. Five miles away, his mistress, Claretta Petacci, lived at a house called the Villa of the Dead, because no one was ever seen there.]

I had been told that people were trying to use Claretta Petacci as a pawn in the game to ruin my husband. I thought Clar-

being so must be inexperienced in political intrigue. One day I decided to talk to her. I wanted to warn her, too, that

her life was in danger. Before that painful meeting at the Villa of the Dead I telephoned Benito and told him I was going there. "Do him I was going there. as you wish," he replied.

Buffarini, Minister of the Interior, accompanied me.

It was raining hard. I rang the bell. A German officer appeared and said we could the gate.

Eventually the German opened the gate. "Are you armed?" he asked.

to a small room. After a quarter of an hour a shadow came down the stairs. She held a delicate handkerchief in her hands and seemed to be as helpless as a fragile plant.

Whenever I think of my meeting with Claretta I re-member most the handker-

Life in danger

chief she carried and how frail she was.

I could not possibly describe her face, her eyes, the color of her hair. Sometimes, when her picture appears in a paper, I ask myself whether I really

ing at her at that painful meet-ing. I was too upset and anxious to find the right words to persuade her to walk out of my husband's life.

'Are you Mrs. or Miss?" I

"Mrs. Petacci," she replied. Her voice was low and slightly husky.

"I do not call on people carrying arms," I replied.

An elderly woman led us by jealousy to insult you or

CLARETTA PETACCI, who chose to die with Mussolini, was born in 1912. Her father was physician to Pope Pius XI.

She deliberately waylaid Mussolini soon after his rise to power in 1932, and by 1936 had an apartment at his Rome headquarters.

When, in 1940, she had a child, Mussolini insisted on donning a white surgical gown and being present at the birth. The child was born dead.

Claretta and her family were arrested when Mussolini was deposed in 1943. They were rescued by the Germans and Claretta went to live a few miles from Mussolini's headquarters on Lake Garda.

At war's end, Claretta could have fled Italy with money and jewels, Mussolini urged her to go and arranged for a plane to take her to Spain. She stayed, and was shot with him.

Her last words to Mussolini were: "Aren't you glad I followed you to the end?"

threaten you. Our country has reached a crisis. Our personal feelings do not count for much at such a time.

"I have come to ask you to make a sacrifice. My husband needs peace and tranquillity to be able to work. We must also end the scandal of your presence here a few miles from my house.

"No sacrifice is too great for real love. I would be willing to go away and shut

myself in a mountain castle save Benito. If you really love him you must stop seeing

Claretta Petacci listened in silence, curled up in an easy-chair. She made no reply.

I continued: "Benito has always been a good father. He always adored his children.

"For their sake and the sake my grandchildren I ask you to leave this lake and no longer disturb the peace of our family.

I would have liked it better Claretta had defied me or tried to defend herself. In-stead she wept silently, throwing her head back on the chair as if she had not even the strength to listen to me.

In exasperation I told her

try to solve their problems

with tears and swooning.

I told her she had photographed and sent to Switzer-land and Germany some very delicate letters my husband had written her during their long relationship. Benito had ordered police to search Clar-etta's house and seize copies of

Also I told her that she had a direct telephone line be-tween our villa and her house, and that she had been in touch

with suspect people.

Still she did not speak.

To convince myself I was not talking to a shadow, I grabbed her arms and shook

She spoke then. "The Duce is very fond of you," she said. "I never allowed one single word against you.

My anger gave way to pity.

I could not forget what she had suffered after Benito's arrest or that, to defend him, she had written courageous, outspoken letters to Badoglio

from her cell in Novara Gaol. So I begged her: "If things are as you say, why don't we try to do something together for my husband? Why don't we help him in this difficult moment of his life?"

Claretta rose slowly and

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Liquid Make-up in 9 complexion shades, 12/9.

Face powder to har-

monize . . . 9/11.

### Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I AM 134 and worry a lot. I was invited out to dinner and tea, but didn't ge because I was afraid they would have given me something I don't like, and I wouldn't have known what to say. I am a slow eater and when I am out I feel as though every one's eyes are looking at me when I haven't finished. How can I get over all these things? I also have a boy-friend whom my parents like very much. He writes to me and I write to him. I haven't been getting as many let ters as I used to. Do you think he has lost interest in me? He told his parents that he tike very much. He writes to me and I write to him. I haven't been getting as many letters as I used to. Do you think he has lost interest in me? He told his parents that he liked me very much, and his parents told my cousin and his wife, and they told me. I blush very easily, and some friends told me that it was natural. Is that true?"

I blush very easily, and some friends told me that it was natural. Is that true?"

"Worried," Old.

It is quite natural to blush. I still do myself sometimes, only the older you get the less you blush, because you get used to people and meeting them and talking to them.

Next time you are asked out to dinner and tea, go. It is most enjoyable. There is no need to worry about eating slowly; it is one of the social graces, much better than gobbling up your food quickly as if you can't wait. If you haven't finished when all the others have and feel uncomfortable, you can stop eating. (In a few years you yourself will be entertaining. When you do, remember that it is polite for the hostess to cat slowly, so that she is last to finish, and none of her guests is left eating alone).

If you don't like the food served to you, don't eat it. If anyone don't eat eating alone don't eat it. If anyone don't eat eating alone don't eat it. If anyone don't eat eating alone don

If you don't like the food served to you,

Enjoy your giggle at the lovers in the pictures while you can. When you do, remember that before long, after you become interested in boys, someone else will be giggling at you.

If you don't like the food served to you, don't eat it. If anyone remarks on it, just explain you don't like it, thank you.

Eating slowly is a very good habit. It keeps you healthy and adds to your beauty. People who don't chew their food and eat quickly are always at some time or other very uncomfortable. Don't ever try to imitate them.

I wouldn't worry about not getting so many letters from your boy-friend. Thirteen is very young, and I'm sure you'll agree that when you're that age there are many more interesting things to do than write letters. I think writing letters is a bit silly and a waste of time.

"I AM 14 years old and I would like to know what is the latest age I have to be have to wear tight skirts, lipstick, and stockings without looking out of place. I hate the thought of having to wear creepy stockings and greasy lipstick, and I would rather play cricket with my brothers or ride our horse. I just can't understand why other girls of my age go out with uncomfortable high-heeled shoes and sit with boys in the pictures. I think if you sit near a pair of lovers you get double the entertainment. I have to go to school socials, and all the other girls wear lipstick and stockings. I feel I won't want to go any more because they will

#### word from Debbie . . .

Remember how your toes fascinated ou when you were at the "This little you when you were at the "This little pig went to market" stage? Well, sum-mer's just round the corner and toes are

iner's just round the corner and toes are in, in a big way.

The latest craze in America is to paint your toenails to match your swim-suit. Say your swim-suit is white with multi-colored polka dots. Paint your nails with white nail lacquer, and when it's dry paint spots of the predominant color on the nails. If you've gone in for an unusual color combination that you can't buy in nail lacquer, mix your own, it's easy. All you do is color clear lacquer with vegetable dye.

If you prefer cute toenails to ones that are chic maint.

If you prefer cute toenails to ones that are chic, paint your four small toes in your favorite pink, the big nail in white. When the base layer is quite dry, paint a little face on the big toenail. Toe-faces are cute, and conversation pieces, too.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 17, 1958

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is **NOW** available

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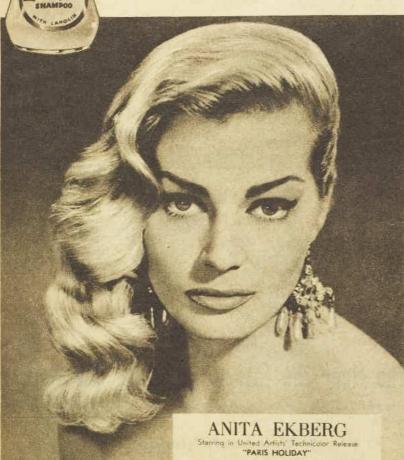
(between King & William Sts.)



### Now! LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

IN LOTION FORM

NEVER BEFORE - Lustre-Creme Shampoo in Lotion Form in beautiful new cosmetic bottle that gives such economical usage. A fragrant, easier-to-use Lotion that brings Lustre-Creme glamour to your hair with every heavenly shampoo.



**ANITA EKBERG LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO** 

never dries... it beautifies

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Buy the big new economy-size bottle and save money!

Large Battles 5 6

Small Bottles, 3/9

Small Tubes, 2 -

Bubbles, 1/3 each

thick and creamy...

blessed with lanolin! needs no after-rinse! of course it leaves hair more manageable!

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS! Page 30

#### MUSICAL COMEDY





### It seems to me

EVERY now and then people who write columns give way to fits of reminiscence.

Last week I wrote a para-graph about the joys of the sundaes served in cafes when I was a child.

This week I've had some afterthoughts. I wouldn't like innocent-or sceptical child to think that I think the sundaes of those days were superior to the modern pro-

Truthfully, the concoctions obtainable today leave the old ones for dead.

And the same applies to all sorts of aspects of today's world.

WHAT prompts me to an attack on "the good old days" are some recent printed references to the superiority of old-fashioned evenings at home.

At recurring intervals somebody gets senti-mental about the joys of the times when people stayed home and sang round pianos.

"In those days," they say wistfully, "we made our own entertainment and it was much more fun."

more fun.

Nonsense. People made their own enter-tainment because they had to. It was better than nothing, but it wasn't necessarily good.

Listening to opera or a good comedy show on TV is much better fun than listening to the neighboring baritone or soprano. For one thing you can switch off TV.

Many memories are irrelevantly colored by

personal considerations.

If a girl were in love with the local baritone, or a young man with the local soprano, the occasion became more glamorous than a night at Covent Garden.

But it's entertainment that's under discussion, not romance, which flourishes just as well to a radiogram as to a harpsicord.

A NOTHER common fallacy of long memories is that old-fashioned families stayed home from choice.

They didn't, of course. Fewer people owned cars and the trouble with a lot of old-fashioned cars was they sometimes Wouldn't Go.

When they did go they often stopped, and, anyhow, they were darned uncomfortable compared with modern cars.

Earlier, people stayed home because it was too much trouble to catch the horse and harness it, and the range of a horse and buggy provided only a limited change of

Today the world is more fun for children and adults than it was, and that applies whether you're talking of 100 years ago or

Clothes, food, houses, travel, and entertainment are all nicer. An intercontinental airliner is better than a Gypsy Moth, and kitchen gadgets, like toys, are lovely.

It will be an awful pity if it all gets blown

TEA-BAGS, long used on the other side of the Pacific, are being launched on the Australian

that we, are to a diffimake the point that they're tidy and convenient.

Which brings me to a diffimake the point that they're tidy and convenient.

cult domestic point. For many years I believed that tea-leaves were disastrous to a sink-pipe and that coffee grounds had some mysterious beneficial

A year or two ago a house-wife told me I had the thing the wrong way

Tea-leaves, she said, were good for sinks.
Coffee grounds spelt disaster.

As the coffee had done no harm to date, an optimist would have thrown away the strainers. Pessimistically, I started straining

If you live in a flat you know what that

If you live in a flat you know what that entails. You're for ever wrapping up little wet parcels for the garbage chute.

About the only thing that would convert me from flat-dwelling to a self-contained house is the thought of being able to pour the tea and coffee dregs on the garden and empty the vacuum-cleaner bag outdoors.

One could of course buy a car and take

One could, of course, buy a car and take the vacuum-cleaner bag for a ride on Sundays. In the long run it might be more economical to buy one of the up-to-date cleaners with

to buy one of disposable bag.

BROADCASTS of Parliament have fewer and fewer fans.

So I was surprised the other afternoon when I took a taxi to find the driver listening

in on the car radio.
"Do you like listening to Parliament?" I

asked.
"No," said the driver, an unusually gloomy
Frenchman, "I don't LIKE it, but it helps
me to learn English."
Well, he has his choice of accents.

CRIME novelist James Hadley Chase says that he has made enough money to write quiet, peaceful books now. hate violence, even if it did bring me a nice income," he said.

Most authors start the wrong way round With essays, love-sick verses, An order that is quite unsound For filling banks and purses. How wise is he who boils the pot, With gangsters, guns a-riot, Then fires his last revolver shot, And starts to take it quiet. In youth he has the strength and zest To spin his plots sadistic, Thus feathering a comfy nest In which to turn artistic.

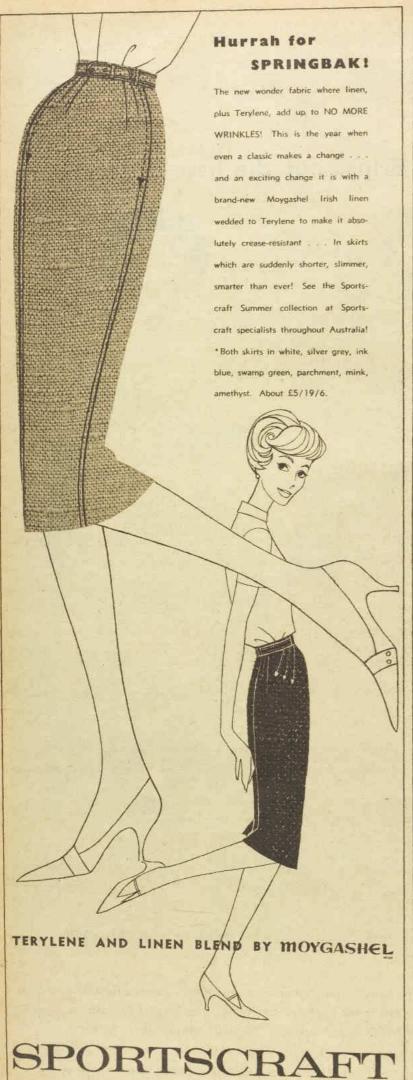
Brings out the best in Jersey



When Jersey is made from Nylon, it gains a new fashion importance. Cool Nylon Jersey is softer, more comfortable for warmer days. It keeps in perfect shape, won't seat or sag. You'll find hard-wearing Nylon Jersey so easy to wash . . . you'll love the way it drip dries free from wrinkles. See the new Nylon Jersey dresses in the shops now, ready for Spring.



Nylon) British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. supply the nylon yarn used by Australia's textile trade to make this merchandise.



### Worth Reporting

REPORT on the Sixth World Congress of Nudists, from a member of our London staff:

"The Congress was held, or the first time in Britain, at Woburn Abbey, the famous stately home of the Duke of Bedford, in a secluded part next to the bison paddock. "Although the Duke had

been made an honorary mem-ber of the British Sun-bathers' Association, he suddenly found he had urgent business in

America.

"Driving through the gates of the Abbey, we came to a sackcloth screen erected to protect the public from the unlovely sight of about 200 naked people, mostly middle-

They lacked the beauty of

Greek sculptures; there were on nymphs or shepherds.
"A short opening ceremony was followed by a religious service conducted by Mr. Claxton, head of an evangelist

"Then Mr. Claxton re-moved the robes of his office, hung his clothes on a peg, and hurried into the mess-tent to serve lunch.

"As a concession to jour-nalists who attended the opening, the host, Dr. Doug Gibson, was wearing shorts.

"But his wife, as Public Re-lations Officer, went about her

duties in the nude. "Dr. Gibson said the general release in England (under an 'A' certificate) of the natur-ist film 'Garden of Eden,' was victory for naturists. "When a journalist asked if

it was desirable to spend an hour and a half in a theatre watching nudes cavorting, the producer of the film was rather hurt. 'I don't see it is rather hurt. 'I don't see it is any worse than those horror films which are so popular just now,' he said."

IT seems that warm smiles count more than cold cash

in Japan.
This paragraph is from a Tokio newspaper: "When you tokio neuspaper: "When you dine at a restaurant in Tokio you can usually expect a 10 per cent. service charge. No tip. You will find politeness (try a few smiles) will get you further than tips."

#### Student prince from Spain

HE'S a charming young man —Don Gonzalo, Prince of Spain and grandson of the late King Alfonso XIII. He is 21, tall and slim, rather shy and solemn

We met the Prince at a cocktail party on board the liner Flaminia. He travelled to Australia in the ship on a university vacation.

university vacation.

"I wanted a holiday in the sun," he told us, "and my mother suggested Australia."

An enthusiastic sportsman—ski-ing, water ski-ing, soccer, basketball, and swimming—he left Sydney the day after the party for the North Queensland coast.

"I hope to go water ski-ing at Green Island," he said.

After a week's holiday in the sun, the Prince rejoined Flaminia at Perth on his way home to Madrid.



"Dad, our power's off. Do you remember how to milk a cow?"

FROM London comes the brightest—and cheapest— idea for a wig hat: Grand-mother's tea-cosy.

#### White-apron traffic

MANY London secretaries and shopgirls are trading their white collars for white aprons, clamoring for passage-paid jobs as domestic maids in America

"An English maid-dressed up in uniform and white frilly apron-is the snob thing in America today," explained Mrs. Margit Harris, who runs a brisk domestic agency.

British girls can get a job as a mother's help for £10 sterling a week (London's betsterling a week (London's bet-ter-paid secretaries make about £8/10/- a week). If the girl can cook she can easily get £15 a week, and if she has ever worked for a titled British family the sky's the limit the limit.

One English butler, who previously worked for a lowly baronet, landed a job with Mrs. Edsel Ford, of The Fords, who pays him £100 a month, plus private flat.

With their own girls fight-ng for U.S. visas, English with their own girts fight-ing for U.S. visas, English households are looking for staff from Europe, offering a top wage of £4 a week for a live-in mother's help.

#### How to get rid of an old boss

IF you work for a man you consider too old and past his prime, you'll be interested in this advice from Professor C. Northcote Parkinson in a B.B.C. talk:

You must insist he attends plenty of international con-ferences . . . reached by a series of rapid, non-stop flights . . . offering the most violent changes of temperature. The pleasing result is that

he is always emerging from a pressurised aircraft wearing thick tweeds in a ground tem-perature of 105 degrees; a procedure only varied when his clothes are tropical and the ground temperature well be-

While travelling, he added, the boss should be kept busy filling in imbecilic forms to prevent sleep and the schedule arranged so that he has three breakfasts one day and none the next.

"By the end of the trip," concluded the Professor, "he will have a haunted look. He will have retired by the end

of the year."

Professor Parkinson is the author of "Parkinson's Law," in which he enunciates his most famous discovery: The staff of any administrative depart-ment increases by between five and seven per cent. a year whether the amount of work to

The penetratingly funny professor, now on holiday in England, normally sits in the Raffles Chair of History, University of Malaya, Singapore,

WHEN American housewife
Mrs. Homer Purkey married Homer she agreed to
wash the dishes for the first 20
years of their wedded bliss.

Then, they agreed, it would be Homer's turn.

The 20 years are up. It's Homer's turn. Good old Homer's turn bought a dishusching machine machine.

### The Laugh Was On Me

Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me. Every week we award £2/2/- each for the two best entries.

THE fact that I become flushed very easily has always been a sore point with me. One very hot night at a dance I was feeling particularly sticky and uncomfortable, and seeking to dispel my fears I asked a girl-friend, whom I had met only a few times, if I leaked her the seekel was to be a seekel who as the seekel was to be a seekel who as the seekel was the seekel was to be a seekel was to

She replied brightly and innocently: "No, not really, but then you've always got a red face, haven't

£2/2/- to Miss R. Kerslake, 28 Dequetteville Terrace, Kent Town, S.A.

WAS married at 19, and at that time considered myself to look quite mature. A few weeks before the wedding I was doing some last-minute trousseau shopping with my mother, and finally bought a new winter overcoat.

as necessary for the length to be shortened, and I'll never forget my embarrassment when I saw the sales assistant write on the alteration slip: "Leave

em for growing girl." £2/2/- to P.T., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

 Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O.. Sydney.

#### Win a mink coat

• The Australian Women's Weekly is offering a £2000 full-length mink coat as the prize in an economy hint contest.

ALL you have to do to win this superb mink is to send us a hint which saves money and has given satisfaction.

Tell us (in not more than 100 words) WHY and HOW the hint is economical.

The Dior-designed coat will be made to fit the winner in finest black diamond (dark brown) mink pelts.

Men can enter the contest. If a man wins, he can nomin-ate the woman to whom he wishes the coat to be awarded.

Your hint can apply to any aspect of your budget — a cookery tip or one for saving a furnishing or household maintenance expense.

It may be for a makeshift by or an economical dressmaking or beauty hint.

Perhaps you longed for an elegant and unusual low coffee table-a luxury you felt you could not afford.

So you found an old kitchen table in a "junk" shop, cut its legs down until your table was the height you wanted. Then you gummed green baize to the tabletop, and on to this stuck, with firm glue, gay tiles, either collected over a period or picked up cheaply.

This is just an example of the type of entry we want.

Remember, the AMOUNT of money you save is not im-portant. As long as it is really economical, it's the hint that

There is no entry fee for the contest. You may send

as many entries as you like.

Just fill in the coupon on this page and attach it to your

Progress prizes of £1 will be awarded throughout the contest. Entries which receive these awards will still be eligible to win the mink coat.

The contest closes on Octo-

So think up an economy int. Think mink!



CLASSIC-STYLE, full-length mink coat like this one will be made to fit the winner of our big new £2000 Mink Coat Contest.

#### How to enter

- 1 Send us your favorite money-saving hint or hints.
- Write, type, or print your hint or hints on one side of the paper only, Add, in no more than 100 words, why and how the hint is economical.
- Write or print your name clearly at the top of each sheet of paper as well as on the coupon below.
- Attach your hint or hints to the completed coupon. Remember you may send as many entries as you like.
- Mark the envelope "Mink Coat Contest" and address it to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

#### CONTEST RULES

- Employees of Australian Con-solidated Press Ltd. and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.
- Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about the decision.
- All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.
- Throughout the contest, progress prizes of £1 will be awarded. These entries also will be eligible for the big prize.
- Closing date of the contest is October 29. Entries received after that date will not be eligible.

#### £2000 ENTRY COUPON £2000 The Australian Women's Weekly MINK COAT CONTEST

			(Mr.,	MARIN-, I	X1188)			
Add	ress							
					St	ate		
No.	of enti	ries						
1	agree Austra	to abid	e by ti	he con	test ru	ilea pul	lished	in

#### MUSSOLINI, MY MAN

went up the stairs. She re-turned with some papers, which she handed to me. "These are 32 letters I re-ceived from your husband,"

I had a quick look and realised they were not the real letters but typed copies.

Then I exploded. "I don't want to take anything from you. That is not why I came."

I realised what a fool I had been to bone she would under-

been to hope she would under-stand my object. From then I

do not remember what I said.
Forgetting good intentions,
I behaved like a jealous
woman fighting her rival.
From time to time Claretta
fainted. Buffarini rushed to
her with a brandy bottle.

fainted. Bullarini rushed to her with a brandy bottle. But in between fainting fits she managed to tell me my husband could not live with-

out her.
"It is not true," I said.
"My husband knows I am
here. Ask him yourself if you
don't believe me."
I pushed her towards the

from page 27

telephone. Benito confirmed I had told her the truth.

The talk with Claretta was useless and depressing. In vain I shouted that everybody hated her, both the Fascists and the

In vain I warned her her life was in danger. Some people had sworn to kill her to save Mussolini from further

I told her all the telephone calls she had with Benito were tapped and five copies sent to German headquarters. I told her she was under the control of the British and American Secret Service, who, through her, checked Mussolini's

Claretta went on fainting and crying without leaving her chair. At last I could stand it no longer. I got up, with my brain afire, and told her: "You will come to a bad end."

Claretta. I returned home. burst into tears, and shut my-self in my room to be alone with my despair.

Later I was told Benito had telephoned many times from his headquarters to ask how I was. He did not at first dare to come and see me. Eventually he sent me a note asking humbly if I cared to

He spent the whole evening with me, talking all the time, caressing my hands and beg-ging me to forgive him.

As I listened I felt better. He was there and I knew I had not lost him.

World Copyright "Oggi," Milan. The text was dictated to Anita Pensotti.

NEXT WEEK: A mounted in ruins



### Gemey face powder

Sifted through pure silk to keep your face looking its youngest and freshest!



Super-fine, because it's silk-sifted, Gemey Face Powder's velvet-soft texture is balanced to give just the right effect to every type of skin. It's light as air, yet gives even coverage and lasting finish without caking or streaking. Dry, rough patches freshen in a

moment; lines, tiny blemishes smooth away. This is the perfect powder to keep your skin looking young and fresh. Be lovelier from your very first makeup with glorious Gemey Face Powder. Six fashion-perfect shades.

At chemists and stores everywhere, 8/-

GEMEY BEAUTY PREPARATIONS . PARIS . LONDON . NEW YORK . SYDNEY

#### Glorify your complexion with Gemey Vanishing Cream

This magical cream creates the soft, smooth, supple skin that is the true basis of real beauty. It provides the most perfect foundation you can imagine. In convenient tubes .



Page 33



You want comfort, long wear, the most for your money? Madam, you want Dunlopillo.





Feel the luxurious comfort of this smooth foamed rubber. No tufts, no lumps, it can't sag. Dunlopillo never needs turning, saves so much housework. And feel the air in those cells. That air gives buoyancy; it breathes, insulates.

So Dunlopillo will keep me warm in winter, cool in summer?

Yes, Madam, and Dunlopillo is completely hygienic. It will not collect dust

Dunlopillo is allergy-free then?

Right, Madam, and, what's more, it's guaranteed for twenty years. That means less than a penny per night for completely relaxed sleep.

There's no doubt about it, Dunlopillo will give you the most for your money.

Your Dunlopillo sleep investment is available on easy terms at your favourite store. Choose from the economical 2'8" "Famous Four" to the luxurious 4'8" "Fantasy". 2'6" priced from £16/8/-. Prices slightly higher in Western Australia.

IF IT'S NOT LABELLED IT'S NOT DUNLOPILLO MATTRESSES ... PILLOWS ... CUSHIONS ... FURNITURE

Page 34



# At Idlewild they hope for delays

• Smiles of pleasure rather than groans of pain are greeting the announcement of flight delays, especially overnight ones, at New York's Idlewild International Airport these days.

THE delays give passengers an opportunity to taste, at airline expense, the luxuries of New York's newest space-age pub, the International, conveniently located at the end of Runway No. 16.

The six-story boomerang-shaped structure has 320 rooms. Each is insulated from the stridency of jet or piston engines by windows half an inch thick.

The basic building cost of £A2,230,000 was supplemented by £446,000 spent on de luxe furnishings by the Knott Hotel Corporation, the lessees.

Cost of rooms ranges from £A4 a night for a single room to a two-room V.I.P. suite at a stratospheric £A13/8/-.

The hotel will appeal to transient passengers who have only a few hours to kill in New York between planes, saving them two bumpy hours to the city and back by limousine or taxi.

But flight crews and delayed groups will provide the bulk of business, with all but 65 of the rooms already booked en bloc by the major airlines.

Plans are already afoot to add a new wing containing 160 more rooms.

To ensure a sophisticated atmosphere, the hotel contains a Cafe Internationale with dance floor.

Its chefs are already hard at work developing a varied international cuisine, which does not yet include kangaroo steak.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 17, 1958

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff



THE HOTEL is set on graceful blue concrete pillars, and from above resembles a boomerang. All rooms are aircanditioned and insulated against noise—an important point in the jet age. Landscapes will include groves of Austrian pine trees and graceful Lombardy poplars.

ENTRANCE lobby of the hotel is dominated by this serpentine 25-foot-long sofa. All public rooms are decorated in brilliant colors, ranging through cerulean-blue, emeraldgreen, yellow, tangerine.

Page 35

#### A deodorant soap that's a Beauty soap, too!



#### I and safeguards your freshness all over, all day, as no ordinary soap can

Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration Gentle, fragrant fact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past. You see, Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachloro-

And it's G11 which washes away up to 95% of the germs which actually cause perspiration to decompose, become



### Tact soap keeps perspiration Udour-Inc

When you wash beforehand with Tact, your complexion is protected underneath your make-up. For gentle Tact washes away up to 95% of the bacteria which ordinary soaps leave on your skin, free to cause trouble beneath your make-up. And Tact, with G11, stands guard against new germs, too! It's ideal for teen-age

Buy Tact Deodorant Soap in the big bath size and save money.



PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS TO WASH AWAY UP TO 95% OF THE GERMS WHICH ACTUALLY PERSPIRATION ODOUR AND SPREAD SKIN BLEMISHES

BUY TACT DEODGRANT SOAP NOW FROM CHEMISTS GROCERS AND STORES

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

 For comfortable and smart travel I nominate the easy-fitted one-piece sheath topped with a matching chemise-inspired jacket. This fashion item answers a reader's problem.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"Just before Christmas I will be flying to Adelaide for a few weeks' holiday and would like a suggestion for a travelling ensemble. I have 5lyds, of 36in, material and wondered if it would be sufficient for some type of ensemble. I do not have many clothes so want the design you semble. I do not have many clothes, so want the design you suggest suitable for as many occasions as possible, other than travelling. I also want a size 36in. pattern for the outfit you suggest."

My suggestion is a jacket-dress. Apart from all types of travel, an ensemble in this category would be extremely useful for many occasions, worn with or without the

Jacket.

The design is illustrated at right, and the small sketch shows the dress minus the jacket. The ensemble can be made from 54yds. 36in, material, price 5/-. Under the illustration are further details and how to order

"MY daughter, aged 141, has M Y daughter, aged 143, has to attend a school concert and I wondered if you could advise me about her frock. The material is white Swiss-dotted nylon. I have 6yds. My daughter is rather tall for her age and on the thin side."

A junior teenage party dress for a slim girl would look very attractive made with a low, marked waistline, and allround unpressed pleats finished at the back with a self-material bow and streamer ends. Have the neckline high to the throat and finished with a small collar: the sleeves a small collar; the sleeves short and puffed.

WHAT hat designs are the most popular for the new unwaisted fashions?"

Hats to complement the ew "eased" silhouette include a bell cloche, a large-brimmed hat with a small crown, and a turban

I AM 45 years old with a neat figure, and wondered if you thought an overblouse would be suitable for me to wear in the evening. The blouse is to go with a slim black satin skirt. What type of material and color would be correct for the blouse?"

The overblouse in a variety of lengths is very popular this season for all age groups. One made in chiffon would be attractive with a slim satin skirt. Wide-open decolletes, both collared and uncollared, are popular. For the color I suggest a soft beige. DS326. — Simble in jacket ensemble in eises 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 5/-Patterns may be ob-tained from Bally Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"WOULD you tell me the newest shades to suit a girl with dark hair and eyes?"

Apricot, fiery-red, rose-pink, and all shades of blue are new spring colors that should suit dark hair and eyes extremely

Beauty in brief:

### PUT YOUR BEST FEET FORWARD

By CAROLYN EARLE

Giving yourself a home pedicure is not a hard job if you allow yourself a bit of time and follow these pointers.

FIRST you should soak your feet thoroughly and scrub the nails with a brush and deodorant soap.

Dry each foot well, particularly be-tween the toes, and rub toughened spots with pumice to remove hard surface skin.

Next, clean and cut the toenails with

clippers and push back the cuticles.

As a nice finishing touch, always smooth the clipped edges with an emery

board or fine nail file. This simple trick may save untold wear and tear on your

It's an excellent idea to massage the feet and ankles regularly. Use oil or cream generously to promote smooth skin and healthy arches.

And don't forget always to scrub and dry the toes to give a clean surface for polish.



to every wife whose kitchen is not so large

to every husband whose pocket is not so deep



CROSLEY

has built a NEW refrigerator - just for you!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 17, 1958

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# RICHARD HUDNUT **NEW Quick**

GIVES YOU THE LOVELIEST, MOST NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS OF ALL!

#### So easy, no need to shampoo first!

Only Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Perm has Crystal-Pure Lenolized Wave Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odour. No feer you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked in to last with exclusive Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion!

Choose the RICHARD HUDWIIT Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.



It's the quickest! Only Richard Hudnut's Crystal-Pure Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips. You get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—half the winding time—half the work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin soft, sweet to be near. Use Richard Hudnut today—be shampoo fresh tonight!

Wave and wash with 1 the work!

soft, natural curis in September 1908. HARR and for tighter, firmer curis in normal hair. GREEN BOX.

For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-tinsed or lightened hair, use the "Easy-to-Wave Hair" kit.

FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for AT CHEMISTS soft, natural curls in normal hair. AND STORES EVERYWHERE

A more natural-looking, stronger, longer-lasting wave, whichever hair style you prefer!

... and for those end curls and between-perm pickups -





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# Charleston era

# The time when Young Men were Bright-not Angry

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

• Thirty years before the 1950s produced "Angry Young Men," the 1920s produced "Bright Young Men" -among them Noel Coward, Cecil Beaton, Beverley Nichols, whose new book, "The Sweet And Twenties," brings the Charleston era back to life.



BEVERLEY NICHOLS, "looking earnest," was himself one of the Bright Young Men of the Twenties. At Oxford University he edited "Isis," and became president of the Union, graduating to a successful career as journalist, author.

IN its foreword, Nichols writes: "This is not intended as a serious history of a decade but rather an album of snapshots and memories which may offer, at least to the middle-aged, some moments of nostalgic entertainment.

"However, even in so slight a compilation, seriousness creeps in. As one turns the pages of the album some of the pictures seem to darken; a shadow falls across them — the shadow of the present obscuring the bright-

shadow of the present obscuring the brightness of the past."

Packed with gossipy wit and wickedly amusing pictures, "The Sweet and Twenties" introduces the reader to personalities of the time — famous, titled, or both.

The stories he tells of them include these:

MELBA having her miraculous voice "photographed" on an audiometer to show the patterns made by her trills, Low C, and

Says Beverley Nichols: "Melba's trill might have been drawn by a geometrician, it was uniform and parallel and flawless.

uniform and parallel and flawless.

"All the other singers' trills had strayed all over the films, varying in line and shape."

Nichols also recalls driving up Regent Street with Melha in her elegant black motor car when she felt an impulse to trill, "astonishing passerby who turned round and stared as though they had heard the voice of an angel."

Then, more maliciously, the memory of Melha standing in front of a mirror, clapping her hands, and declaring

ping her hands, and declaring "No bottie!" (Built on diva proportions, she delighted in the fact that she was slim in the rear.)

· SYRIE MAUGHAM, wife of (now separated from) author Somerset, was an in-terior decorator of renown and

terior decorator of renown and famed as a party-giver.

Of her Nichols writes:
"Always remember the impor-tance of white when you are trying to form a mental pic-ture of the 'twenties. It did

ture of the 'twenties. It did not dominate, but it provided many delightful passages . largely thanks to Syrie Maugham. "She used it in the prettiest ways, with huge armchairs in white leather and carpets made out of clipped sheepskin, and white pots of china camellias in the hall."

NOEL COWARD meeting GERTRUDE LAWRENCE after she returned from her first trip to the Riviera:

first trip to the Riviera:

"She came back bronzed and delicious . . . but also rather grand. When she saw Noel there were stories of parties and yachts and a great many titles.

"Noel listened in silence, looking more and more Chinese.

"Then Gertie, with an elaborate sigh, observed: "Of course, I shall be going again in the winter. I really don't

DAME NELLIE MELBA. Beverley Nichols describes this as a rare picture because she detested photographers—particu-larly in the open air.

# brought back to life

think I could stand the English winter.'
"Noel nodded. 'No, darling. I don't think you could. Not after all those years in sundrenched Peckham.'"

after all those years in sundrenched Peckham.'"
(Peckham, a London suburb, is not noted for sunlight or high life.)

THE SITWELLS — Osbert, Edith, and Sacheverell—who had a feud with Noel Coward after he satirised them in a revue—had their own method of holding people up to ridicule.
"I remember one occasion when they borrowed Lady Crewe's house in Chelsea for one afternoon to award prizes for the Worst Book of the Year, The Worst Poem of the Year, several other Worst

Year, several other Worst Somethings or Others.
"Osbert and Edith received us dressed in deep black, with solemn faces looking like literary undertakers.
"The 'prives' were very

"The 'prizes' were very repulsive, and consisted mostly of things like stuffed, glazed fish in glass cases."

glazed fish in glass cases."

• LORD BERNERS, author, musician, and wealthy English eccentric, was "indeed something of a spendthrift... Thus, he had a tiny piano built into his Rolls-Royce."

When travelling abroad, Lord Berners was accustomed to don a "white hideous mask, the mask of an idiot, fashioned by Oliver Messel.

"Sometimes when the light

"Sometimes when the light was fading and the Rolls-Royce was purring through a tiny Italian village, he would put it on, and lean his head out of the window to the ter-ror of the local inhabitants —a terror that was enhanced by the fact that was channel by the fact that as the car vanished into the dusk there came, from inside it, the echo of ghostly music."

 GABY DESLYS, the act-ress, "had chinchilla rugs on the floor, and not only trod on them but laid on them and generally bounced about of them from morning till night

Nichols reports that "chin-chilla was so expensive and wore so badly that only the very richest women went in for it."

And so Beverley Nichols roll call goes on and on — Beaton, Hartnell, Sir Thomas

Beecham, Michael Arlen, the

And in between the anec-dotes he gets the atmosphere of the 1920s, when the tango was the rage, when mahjongg was the game, when short-skirted girls daringly took up smoking in public, fitting their cigarettes into the longest pos-sible holders. sible holders.

But the 'twenties had brilliance, he says, despite the remarks of H. G. Wells, who put the moderns of that era aside with the description, "A filmey crew."

aside with the description, "A flimsy crew."

Defending the "flimsy moderns" of the 1920s, Nichols says: "Among those destined for the curtain of oblivion were such figures as Edith Sitwell, Noel Coward, Epstein, Cecil Beaton, Graham Sutherland, William Walton, Oliver Messel . . and indeed the great majority of those whose names are still household words today. words today.

"One wonders how many of the young men and women of the 'fifties will still be in the bright lights in 1988?" Any Angry Young Men in the house—ready to take up Mr. Nichols' challenge? "The Sweet and Twenties"

"The Sweet and Twenties" is published by Weidfeld and Nicolson in London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson,







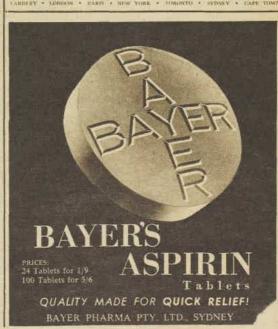
M R S. S O M E R S E T MAUGHAM, left, a notable hostess of the 'twenties, who opened a shop in Grosvenor Square "filled with exquisite but faintly dubious objects of furniture" which she sold to American millionaires at fabulous prices.

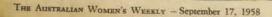
NOEL COWARD, "not only the most entertaining figure of the decade but also the most significant and endur-ing. Noel can be a hendache, on occasions a splitting one, but he can never be a bore."



The fragrance which recaptures the happiness of a precious moment and imparts that feeling of charming freshness which is youth itself. Enjoy it in its many forms.











# Rolls out doub rollson

Here is a fabulous new deodorant that uses its head . . . that rolls on lasting freshness with a crystal ball . . . automatically applies just what you need to provide charm and check perspiration 24-hours-long.

You don't finger it, you don't spray it ... just give Mum Rollette its head. It delicately rolls on just the right amount. There's no drip, no spill. Perfectly safe for normal skin - won't damage clothing.



Continuing . . . .

#### Tailor-Made Wife

had been waiting for what seemed a long time.

"Kay," he said, turning to her in the car one night. "I need a wife for longer than fifteen minutes every day. I need a full-time wife. You want the job?"

the job?"
Again she was frightened.
And again she looked into his
lean, handsome face and the
lear went out of her. "I'll try,
Bruce," she said. "I'll try."

lean, handsome tack and the fear went out of her. "I'll try."

And so they were married, and for almost a month she was happy. All the excitement... the office party... the fun of moving into his apartment because it was bigger than her own ... all of it went together with the fulfilled mood of her love.

She'd straighten his tie.
"TV wife," he'd say. "Keep your cotton-picking hands off my tie."
"But, Bruce," she'd say, "Keep your cotton-picking hands off my tie."
"But, Bruce," she'd say, "that's how you taught me to be a wife. Remember?"
They both loved it.
They had fun together. There was shopping to do, for, of course, she had to take the bachelorness out of his apartment. She had a clear idea of what she wanted and Bruce was very aminable about helping her hang the new curtains and rearrange the furniture. They laughed together about her sudden, unexpected domesticity, but it was a warm, shared laughter.

She was confident that she knew how to be a wife. . a good wife, loved and appreciated... because she had never expected to be anything else. That was why it was such a shock to discover the hard knowledge of a hidden failure between them.

It was raining that day and the tree certifier each to go to

knowledge of a hidden failure between them.

It was raining that day and they were getting ready to go to work. Kay stopped in the door-way of the apartment, looking behind her with a comfortable happiness to make sure that nothing had been forgotten.

nothing had been forgotten. Bruce stood waiting.
"Bruce," she said. "You're doing a remote broadcast today. Don't you think you'd better carry your raincoat?"
"For Pete's sake," Bruce said, "don't be a twenty-one-inch wife. We're not on the air now, you know."

wife. We're not on the air now, you know."

It was so close to their private language that at first the impatience in his voice did not register. She started to laugh and then she saw the repressed savageness in his face.

"Bruce," she said, bewilderment in her voice. He had never spoken to her in that way before with that tone, and it hurt more than a slap from a stranger. "What's the matter?"

"You don't have to bring your Mrs. role home with you," he said bluntly. "I've been keeping out of the rain for years. I always keep a rain-coat in the remote truck. As well as a pair of sunglasses, a bottle of aspirin, and a few handy ad libs."

Kay knew enough to keep quiet now, to hold the wondering still and deep within her. She didn't want to fight with him; she wanted to cry about this, feeling that in these few words a freshness had slipped forever out of their love. But she stopped that. Don't be silly, she told herself firmly. The world isn't falling down because he frowned.

But all the day downtown she kept thinking about it, holding the angry picture of Bruce in her mind, seeing it over and over. They prepared the show silendy, constrainedly, with the efficiency they had developed. Kay memorised a new commercial for the washing-machine and practised the demonstration. On the air Kay fell into her role gratefully, glad to escape from herself on such a muddled, dreary day.

from page 19

After it was over she hurried away to her desk and she did not see Bruce again until lunch-time. It was payday and away to her desk and she did not see Bruce again until lunchtime. It was payday and because Bruce had to prepare his midday newscast, Kay always took his cheoue with hers to deposit in the bank. She picked up her cheque and went into Bruce's office, ready to resume their old relationship.

"I've already cashed it," he told her, handing her the bills. She was in a hurry, but she counted the money abstractedly. "You owe me twenty more dollars," she said lightly. "Or are you leading a double life?"

He put down the long yellow pages of teletype. "It's my cheque," he said deliberately. "If I want to hold out twenty dollars, I guess I've got a right to do it."

"Of course, Bruce," she said, bewildered. "But you've always."

"I don't always do the

"I don't always do the always," he said. "Don't expect it of me, Kay."

A freezing started in her at his tone and she had to turn away, not wanting him to see the tears she could feel coming. It's till going on, she thought

away, not waiting min to see the tears she could feel coming. It's still going on, she thought despairingly. What am I doing wrong?

"Of course," she said. "You can keep it all if you want to. I just thought..."

"All right," he said. "Here it is." He dug down into his cluttered desk and brought up a little box. He handed it to her with a brusque motion. "There's your twenty dolfars. I sneaked out this morning and got it..." he paused, looking at her, hurt in his eyes. "I wanted to make up for being nasty this morning. But I guess you don't like surprises."

AY took the box and clumsily stripped away the tissue-paper wrapping. It was a jewellery case. With numb, fumbling fingers she opened it and saw the locket inside.

"Bruce," she said. But she was not harnoy with the gift. It hurt. She opened the locket. Inside was Bruce's photograph in one frame; her own in the other.

in one frame; her own other.

"I was going to have it engraved before I gave it to you," he said quietly. "With 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.' under our pictures."

There was nothing for her to say. She looked at Bruce, hoping that he could crash through the sudden barrier of silence between them. But he

hoping that he could crash through the sudden barrier of silence between them. But he had already turned away to the teletype sheets, slashing his tight little five-minute newscart out of the stack of pages before him. She could only go away, silent and hurt, clutching the locket tightly in her suddenly cold palm.

There was no stopping it after that; the narrow chasm widened daily until it was a gulf between them across which her love could not carry. More than once she nerved herself to talk about it. But she was afraid and so she kept silent while the chasm shadowed more and more of their life, taking the laughter and the happiness from between them.

There were times when she could feel Bruce watching her and she knew the germ was gnawing at him, too. He was hurt, as she was hurt, and without knowing even how to begin she yearned to comfort him.

The sudden end came quickly

in she yearned to common him.

The sudden end came quickly upon them. One night they were in the kitchen, just as if they were on the air with their programme, and Bruce was sitting at the table with a cup of coffee while she wiped

To page 43

the white surfaces of the stove and the refrigerator. "Kay," he said. "This is no good. No good at all." "What's no good?" Kay said.
"The coffee?"

He frowned, shoving the cof-e cup away with his hand. Us. You and me."

She stopped then, her heart chilled with the finality of his tone. She moved towards him, still holding the cloth in her hand

He looked up at her. "I don't know what's the matter," he said. His voice was worried, strained. "You seem to think that a wife ..." He stopped, and she knew the words were hard for him to

She sat down opposite him.
"Something's been bothering you for a long time," she said.
"I guess it's time we talked about it." She tried to make her voice firm, but she didn't succeed.

"Maybe I'm the one that's wrong," he said. "I don't know." He was not looking at her. "But I don't like to be pushed at, shoved here and there, told I should do this or that all the time. I don't be-lieve any man does."
"Say it," she said. "Say it

I."
He looked at her then and is face was stiff. "I dreamed character for you on the tow," he said, "because people it on the air. The woman

with the pants on, the meek, willing husband, I thought I dreamed that character for

#### Continuing . . . .

She stopped, unable to voice the thought.

He moved his hands again.
"I don't know," he said, repeating the hopeless words. "Marriage isn't number one and number two, Kay, It's one and one, both together, even and equal. I don't want to be the boss. But I don't want to be bossed, either."

Then Kay found the courage to say the words that he had

to say the words that he had not yet said, that maybe he could not have brought himself

"If you want to go . . ." she said, "if you want to get away and think about it . . maybe you can decide then."

The look of relief on his face

you can decide then."

The look of relief on his face stabbed deep as a knife. But then she knew it was only relief that the final blackness was now illuminated. "It's hurting him, too," she thought. "He loves me, too."

"Yes," she said. "Take two weeks to decide. Then come back if you want to. Or you can stay away." She stopped. "After all, we've had only a month. That should be easy ..." But she could not go on. She went towards the door. "Or I'll go ..." But she could not go on. She went towards the door. "Or I'll go ..." He stirred. "No," he said. "I'll go to the club."

She stopped, holding the door open in her hand. She could feel the grain of the wood under her palm. She had to get away from him now. "What about the programme?" she said. "I guess we'll drop that now. We couldn't ..."

He frowned. "We've got a contract," he said. "a contract;" Eve the first interest.

just . . "
"Yes," she said, "a contract!" "Yes," she said, "a contract!"
For the first time a bitterness
came into her voice. "We'll
have to keep on with the
show."

show."

She shut the door, standing on the other side. "Now," she thought wildly, "at last I can let myself cry." She ran for the safety of the bedroom, but the tears outsped the swiftness of her feet. She did not hear him leave the apartment. But she knew when he was gone. Kay had to fight with her-

#### Tailor-Made Wife

from page 42

self to go to work the next day. Dread curled in her at the thought of sitting with him in the homelike kitchen set where they had first really been together. But when the time came she was there, her face cold and calm and pale, not showing the thinking, hard and desperate and tearing, of her sleepless night. She could feel the paleness even in her soul the paleness even in her soul and she hoped that it would not

Luckily she did not see Bruce Luckly she did not see bruce until it was time to prepare the show. He was already there when she entered the little room where they always worked. He looked up at her.

"Good morning, Bruce," she said, succeeding in keeping her voice steady and firm.

There was a momentary uncertainty on his face before he answered. "Good morning, Kay," he said quietly, in the same tone.

same tone.

The work began then, the talk between them fortu-The work began then, the talk between them fortunately scant and factual, and Kay did not have to look at him. The preparation absorbed her as they went over the yellow sheets of show-builders, as she histened to Bruce outlining the business bits of the day. Then they went into the studio and, before she could think any

went into the studio and, be-fore she could think any more, they were on the air.

Bruce settled easily into the character he had constructed, but today Kay found the por-trayal hard. She seemed to be standing aside, an extra eye of the camera, watching herself. She saw her voice herself. She saw her voice stirring at Bruce with superior laughter behind it; she saw her hand pluck conscientiously at his tie. This is I, she thought, and this is I watching. And which is the real Kay, the wife of Bruce for twenty-four hours a day?

Bruce finished the middle commercial and glanced at her, waiting for her to swing into the next phase of the show. But Kay did not pick up the cue.

show. But up the cue

She sat still, looking at Bruce thoughtfully, seeing him clearly and truly and feeling the love of him inside her. She turned her head slowly and looked at the camera directly, as they rarely did on the show, and she could feel Bruce stiffen.

and she could feel Bruce stiffen.

She looked straight into the
camera, thinking, They're all
out there watching me. And
I've never been aware of them.
Housewives of years and months
and perhaps only days. But
they are women who know. If
I ask them...

"Um not supposed to talk

"I'm not supposed to talk about anything but homemaking on this show." she said calmly. She was speaking directly at them, into the thousand listening faces. "But I've got something more important on my mind today. I'm thinking about homekeeping, not homemaking. And ing, not homemaking. And that's what I want to talk about."

Bruce was frozen somewhere

Bruce was frozen somewhere near her. But he could not interfere now. Only the engineer could cut her off and she hoped that he did not know how far she was departing from the format.

"That's the important thing about a marriage, anyway," she said. "Not how you keep your appliances or bake your cakes..." she tried to smile..." or even whether you have the kind of washer in your home we advertise on this show. But we advertise on this show. But the importance of a marriage is happiness . . not just yours, but your husband's and your children's."

but your husband's and your children's."

She stopped, and a moment of silence filled the air. She had been warned about air silence, but she did not care.

"A marriage is not built of dominance," she said thoughtfully. "Not of one over the other. A lot of you know that, of course. But 1 . . " She stopped abruptly, feeling the strinking in her mind.

"I know a woman," she said breathlessly, "who's just found it out. She's just learned that a marriage is built of understanding and goodwill and equality as well as love,"

She stopped again and the long moment of air silence followed.
"This woman," she said, feeling her voice choking, but

feeling her voice choking, but making it go on, "this woman has been the domineering wife. But now she's ashamed of it. And she's going to change if it's possible to change. If there's still time..."

Bruce was closer to her now and she was afraid that he would stop her. So she hurried to finish.

to finish

"If any of you have any advice on homekeeping, I'd . . . she'd like to have it. Some of you must know . some of you must have been through the problem. She needs to know how to change herself into a real wife. She needs to know —" of you must know

She stopped, turning away from the camera. She put her hand over her face, feeling the revealment in her, the naked

seeing.

And then the time and the And then the time and the camera were gone. Bruce moved jerkily, picking up the commercial and then smoothing into his accustomed professional pace. Kay waited, her face stiff with the tears she couldn't let fall, for she knew that the camera was coming back to her

on cue.

"And remember," she said smoothly, "if you tell Mr. Harkness that "Mr." and "Mrs." sent you, you'll get a one-dollar reduction on the price for every year you've been married."

Year you've been married.

Then it was over.

"You've ruined it," Bruce said bitterly, angrily. "We'll never do this show again." His face softened, changed. "But I don't care. Not now. I just

He started towards her, but He started towards her, but Kay had already turned away. She knew that she had ruined everything, including the show. She went blindly out of the kitchen set. Bruce was coming after her, but she closed the heavy studio door decisively behind her, unable to face him. She was passing the switchboard when the operator turned towards her.

board when towards her.

"What in the world did you say on that show?" she said curiously. "My board is lit up

Kay stiffened, remembering Bruce's words in the studio. This was bad. It was always bad when the audience started calling in.

"Let me talk to one of them," she said. "Maybe I can . . . "

She picked up the phone and heard a woman's voice. "Is this Kay of 'Mr. and Mrs.'?" it said sharply.

Kay found it hard to speak. "Yes," she said. "Yes, this is Kay."

"Yes," she said. "Yes, this is Kay."

The voice softened. "What a wonderful show you gave us today. I've never heard anybody on the television talk as plain and truthful."

"Thank you," Kay said, be-wildered. "Thank you."

"I'm writing to you," the voice said firmly. "I know exactly the problem you have and I'm writing..."

Kay hung up the phone blindly. She could not see for the grateful tears in her eyes. She felt Bruce's hand, warm and familiar, on her shoulder.

She felt Bruce's hand, warm and familiar, on her shoulder. She turned to look at him.

"You didn't let me finish what I was saying," he said firmly, but he was smiling at her with his eyes. "I don't care if you're never a TV wife again — good or bad. All I want is my own Kay."

"But they liked it," she said. "Bruce, they . ."

"Go on," the operator said. "Tll tell them you've already left."

"No," Kay said happily. "I'll talk to them. Tell them to hang on. I'll talk to every one of

them."

She picked up the phone again, hearing the warm voice of the stranger. But she's not a stranger, Kay thought. She's a woman and a wife. She looked at the switchboard and each waiting light was a voice of comfort and wisdom and reassurance.

"Wait a minute," she said into the phone. "You want to talk to my husband instead of the show." She laughed happily. "But you'll have to wait until I kiss him first..."

She turned and Bruce was so close she had only to move a short step home into his arms.

(Coovright)

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - September 17, 1958

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a hand over his eyes. "Miss Mahoney—" it was a plea rather than a command. "Do get back inside."

At his voice the driver turned his head. Rick could not believe that a human being could look so much like a rhino about to charge. "Are you—" he said to Rick—"in charge of this woman?"

this woman?"
The woman in question drummed her fists on the bonnet. "His him," she encouraged Rick. "Why don't you get out and hit the brute?"

and hit the brute?

Very slowly, the driver strolled around to Rick's side of the car and, very slowly, he began rolling up his sleeves. "My old lady," he confided to Rick, "doesn't like me getting blood on them. Now," he said cajolingly, "you're going to get out and hit me, aren't you?"

"Let me explain," said Rick.
He took some paper money out
of his pocket, rolled it in a
neat square, and proffered it.
"I am teaching her to drive,
pity help me. Here, buy yourself a drink."

self a drink."

"You're teaching her to drive?" The other took off his cap in reverent tribute to such courage. "Meself," he said, "I'd rather fight the war again." Thrusting the money back, he offered generously, "Look, you buy yourself a drink, guv. You're the man who needs it."

When he had gathered up his buckets and gone, Rick beckened Miss Mahoney. "Are

Her temper had simmered down to a strong, vinegar-flavored sulk. "No, I'm not. You let that man insult me!"

"I should have aided, en-couraged, and abetted him to wring your neck," said Rick. He roared, "Get in! And not in driving-seat, either!'

She got in. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, looking out of the window. He studied her averted profile for some time in silence and then said, "Tm afraid I've got bad news for you, Miss — what is your other name, by the way?"

"Kate," she said stonily.

#### Continuing .... Drive A Man Crazy

"Kate. On tonight's per-formance I simply can't let you go for your licence next Friday — not with a clear conscience, that is. The roads are perilous

He had braced himself for freworks, but there were none. She said nothing, she did not even move, but by the street-lamp's wan glow he saw a completely unexpected tear shimmering on her cheek. "Now, from page 21

and spiky, her mouth parted and vulnerable with grief. Aware that he was stepping completely out of character, aware that he was committing the ultimate crime as an in-structor, he bent his head and kissed her, nevertheless.

Kate Mahoney said, "Oh!" in a breathless way and moved

- FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & TUP by TIM



now!" he said helplessly. "Don't cry! You can try again later!" "I can't." She gave a hiccup

of grief. "Iris is going for her licence on Friday. Suttie's other secretary. Suttie says he hasn't enough work for both of us, so he's going to keep the one who learns to drive first." She wailed, "Now that'll be Iris!"

Like many another man, the sound of a woman in tears was something that Rick simply could not stand; it drove him to the same desperate frenzy as a ringing alarm clock might if held against the ear. He seized her by the shoulders. "Miss Mahoney Kate please, tree id the same desperate from the same desper stop it! Stop -

She turned to him a face like a dew-damp rose, her lashes wet



quickly away as, coming belat-edly to his senses, he moved away from her.

JA TIM

There were ten seconds' There were ten seconds' apprehensive silence, then, sneaking a sidelong glance at her face, he found she was peering at him out of the corners of her eyes. Fairly caught, they burst into simultaneous peals of laughter and he kissed her again — wholeheartedly this time.

Ten minutes later he asked, "Does it matter so much that you'll lose your job?"

"It occurs to me now," she said blissfully, "that it would have meant too much travel-ling."

Pleased, he said, "Let's go

and have a large, expensive

"Haven't you another client waiting?"

"Let him wait," said Rick

As they passed the cul-de-sac where he'd given her her first lesson, she sighed and said, "This will always be my favorite street. Can we stop here for a minute?"

Moved by the sentiment, he stopped and hand in hand they went to look at the wall against which she had made her bid to flatten them.

There was another car in the little street, a small, erratic car, weaving as though it were heading a conga line.

From it there came a voice raised to high heaven, more in raised to high heaven, more in anger than in sorrow. "Enid," Jim Greenwood was shouting, "use the brains you were born with. Lightly on the accelerator, lightleeeeee. Holy cats, woman, are you trying to kill us?"

"'Evening, Jim," said Rick satisfaction. 'Nice evening, isn't it?"

"Evening." Jim Green-wood poked a harassed, sweat-ing face out of the car window. "Evening, Miss Mahoney. I'm teaching the wife to drive."

"So we heard," said Rick

The other's gaze dropped, abashed, before his own.

"Ah," said Jim. "Well." He tried to light his pipe, but burnt his fingers. "Anyway, burnt his fingers. "Anyway, Mr. Denham," he finished with a flash of the old spirit, "you must admit this much: I can teach any woman to drive but my own!"

"Can't we all?" said Rick fervently and turned to escort his redheaded treasure back to her seat — which would never be the driving seat while he drew breath — in his car. 'Can't we one and all!'

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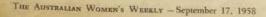
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• Buffet entertaining has increased in popularity since domestic help has become costly and hard to get. Many hostesses believe, too, that the wait-on-yourself party is gayer, simpler, and in keeping with the times.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, our Food and Cookery Expert

THEREFORE, when there is a crowd to entertain and lighthearted gaiety is the aim, it's a good idea to serve a buffet meal rather than one in the formal tradition.

From the party-giver's point of view, the buffet is a winner. Not only does it simplify the whole job of food preparation and service, but it enables the hostess to have a good time at her own party.

When choosing a buffet menu for a crowd, always plan to have foods prepared well ahead of time; they need only be re-

well ahead of time; they need only be re-heated and arranged at the last moment.

The dishes illustrated on these pages are an excellent choice for such an occasion. All the recipes are sufficient for 12 servings, Spoon measurements are level.

#### MACARONI TOMATO BAKE

Oue pound elbow macaroni, 1 grated onion, 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons dry musantespoons hour, 2 reaspoons dry mus-tard, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, I tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 3½ cups milk, 2 packages (8oz. size) cheddar cheese (sliced), 2 tins sliced mushrooms, I tin pimentos (diced) or ½ cup chopped green pepper, 6 or 8 slices tomato (halved), I tablespoon melted butter or

(halved), I tablespoon melted butter or margarine.

Cook macaroni in large amount boiling salted water just until tender; drain. Saute onion in butter or margarine in large saucepan 2 to 3 minutes; remove from heat, stir in flour, mustard, salt, pepper, and Worcestershire sauce; slowly stir in milk. Cook, stirring constantly until sauce thickens and boils I minute; stir in half the cheese; melt.

the cheese; melt.

Combine drained macaroni, mushrooms and liquid, and pimentos or green peppers in greased shallow large baking dish; pour cheese sauce over. Top with a double row of tomato slices, arrange remaining cheese round tomatoes. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes; brush tomatoes with melted butter or margarine; bake about 10 minutes longer, or until cheese is melted and mixture is bubbly hot.

#### MERRY MIX-UP

MERRY MIX-UP

One pound minced beef, 1 tin or 1lb. tomatoes, 2 tins whole-kernel corn, 2 cups cooked lima beans, 2 cups thinly sliced potatoes, 1 large onion (chopped), 1 large green pepper (chopped), 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon curry powder, pinch pepper, 1 cup (2 slices) buttered bread cubes.

Combine meat, diced tomatoes, corn, lima beans, potatoes, onion, and green pepper in large bowl; sprinkle with mixture of flour, salt, curry powder, and pepper and mix in; pour into large baking-dish; cover. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour, remove cover and top with buttered bread cubes. Bake uncovered 1 hour longer or until potatoes are cooked.

#### FIESTA CASSEROLE

FIESTA CASSEROLE

One and a half cups raw rice, 1 large onion (chopped), 2 cloves garlic (minced), 4 cup olive oil or salad oil, 3 cups cooked chicken, veal, or rabbit (cut in bite-size pieces), 2 tins or 1lb. tomatoes, 1½ cups chicken broth (from cooked chicken), 1 teaspoon basil, ½ teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1lb. cooked sausages, 1 package frozen peas, 1 table-spoon butter or margarine.

Saute rice, onion, and garlic in oil in large frying-pan until rice is golden; spoon

into large baking-dish (or divide between 2 casseroles). Mix chicken, diced toma-toes, chicken broth, and seasonings in large bowl; spoon over rice. Slice half the sausages into rice mixture; arrange remaining halves in design on top; season with salt and pepper; cover. (If baked mith salt and pepper; cover. (If baked in 2 casseroles, use all sausages for topping.) Bake in moderate oven about ½ hour or until rice is almost done. Arrange peas down middle and top with butter pieces. Return to oven for further | hour,

#### BAKED BEAN MEDLEY

One large onion (chopped), 1 cup chopped celery, 2 tablespoons bacon fat, 4 tins baked beans (large size), 2 tins tomato purce, few drops chilli sauce, \(\frac{1}{2}\) teaspoon oregano, \(\frac{1}{2}\)lb. cheddar cheese (grated), 1lb. bologna, salami, or luncheon sausage. neon sausage.

Saute onion and celery in bacon fat in

large saucepan about 10 minutes or until soft. Stir in remaining ingredients; heat over low heat, stirring often, until cheese is melted and mixture is heated through. At serving time, reheat (in individual cas-seroles as illustrated, if you wish) in mod-erate oven about 15 minutes or in large dishes 30 to 40 minutes.

#### FRUIT-BOWL SALAD

Four oranges (peeled and diced), 3 bananas (peeled and sliced), 3 pears (pared and diced), 1 large tin pineapple chunks (drained), 1 cup sliced celery, lettuce leaves, strawberries, fresh mint.

Tangy Fruit Dressing: Beat 4 cup creamor chilled evaporated milk until stiff; fold in 4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing, 4

teaspoon prepared mustard, and a dash of Tabasco sauce.

Combine fruits and celery in large bowl; mix with Tangy Fruit Dressing; spoon into salad bowl lined with lettuce. Garnish with strawberries and mint.

#### LEMON PIE

LEMON PIE

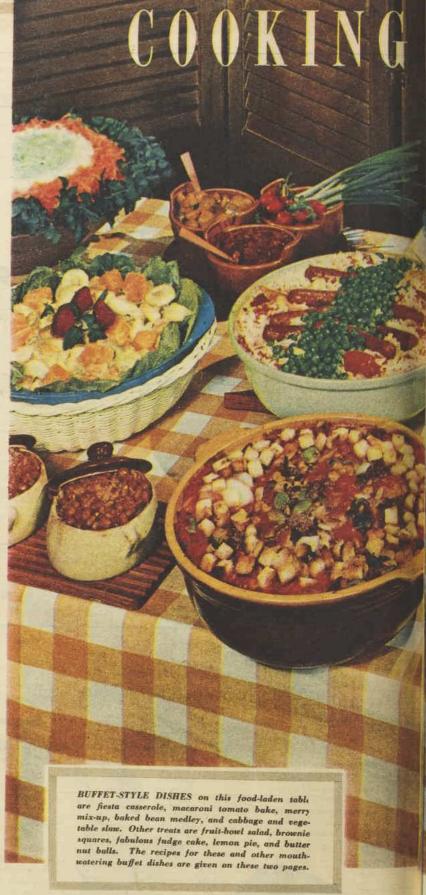
One unbaked 9in. pastry shell, 1½ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup butter or margarine, 4 eggs (well beaten), 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 1-3rd cup water, 1 whole lemon (peeled), 1 teaspoon sugar. Make unbaked 9in. pastry shell with packaged piecrust mix or your own favorite recipe. Combine the 1½ cups sugar, flour, salt in medium-sized bowl; blend in butter or margarine, stir in eggs and lemon rind. Gradually add lemon juice and water, pour into prepared pastry shell. Cut white part from lemon, slice fruit thinly, arrange on top of pie; sprinkle with 1 teaspoon sugar. Bake in a moderate oven 40 minutes or until firm in centre; cool completely before cutting. Serve plain or with fluffs of sweetened, whipped cream and lemon pinwheel garnish.

#### BUTTER NUT BALLS

One and a half cups butter or margarine, I cup sifted icing sugar, { cup evaporated milk, I teaspoon vanilla, 3} cups sifted flour, pinch salt, 2 cups finely chopped walnuts.

Cream butter or margarine in bowl; blend in sugar milk, and assemble.

Cream butter or margarine in bowl; blend in sugar, milk, and vanilla. Combine flour, salt, and nuts; gradually blend into butter mixture; chill until firm enough to handle. Form dough into marble-size balls by rolling lightly between palms of hands; place lin. apart on ungreased biscuit trays. Bake in a slow oven 20 minutes or until pale golden. Remove with sprtula to wire cake-racks; while hot sprinkle



with additional icing sugar; cool com-pletely before storing in airtight tin.

#### CABBAGE AND VEGETABLE SLAW

Eight cups coarsely grated cabbage, 2 cups chopped celery and tops, 2 table-spoons sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, 4 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup vinegar, watercress, 4 medium size carrots (grated), 2 small white turnips (grated).

Mix cabbage and celery in large bowl; sprinkle with sugar, salt, and pepper. Toss lightly; chill at least ½ hour. At serving time, combine sour cream and vinegar; stir into cabbage, spoon into serving bowl, Garnish with watercress, grated carrots,

#### MEAT-BALL STROGANOFF

MEAT-BALL STROGANOFF

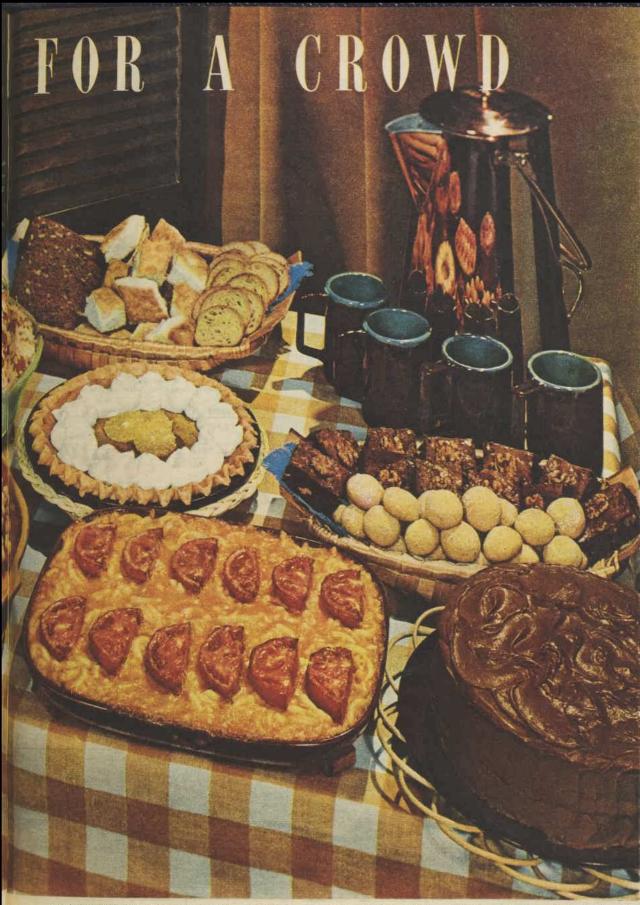
Three pounds minced beef, 2 teaspoons salt, 14 cups chopped onion, 4 cup fine breadcrumbs or biscuit crumbs, 4 teaspoon garlic salt or 1 clove crushed garlic, 4 teaspoon gerlic salt or 1 clove crushed garlic, 4 teaspoon cooking oil.

Sauce: Half cup sifted flour, 2 cups sour cream, 24 cups stock or broth, 3 table-spoons tomato paste, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 4 teaspoon salt, 4 cup sherry, 1 cup olives.

Make 1 in. meat balls by combining first 7 ingredients. Brown them in oil. Remove

7 ingredients. Brown them in oil. Remove from pan, keep warm. Drain off excess fat and make sauce in pan by blending flour and sour cream, then stirring in re-

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maining ingredients except sherry and olives. Add meat balls to sauce. Simmer, covered, 10 to 15 minutes. Just before serv-ing add sherry, and olives which have been cut into pieces. Serve over hot cooked rice or noodles.

#### **BROWNIE SQUARES**

Four ounces unsweetened chocolate, 4lb. butter or margarine, 4 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 11 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups chopped walnuts.

Melt chocolate and butter or margarine

Met chocolate and butter or margarne in small saucepan. Beat eggs well, gradually beating in sugar until mixture is creamy thick. Stir in vanilla and chocolate mixture, then flour, salt, and walnuts. Pour into large greased baking-tin (13 x 9 x 2), smoothing batter into corners. (Top with half the walnuts if you wish.) Bake

in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. (Do not overbake, for centre should be fudge-like.) Cool completely before cutting.

#### NOUGAT RASPBERRY COOKIES

Six ounces flour, pinch salt, 3oz. short-ening, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon water.

Topping: Two ounces ground almonds, 20z. coconut, 40z. sugar, few drops almond essence, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon milk,

essence, I egg-white, I tablespoon milk, raspberry jam.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar. Beat egg-yolk lightly, with water, add to dry ingredients, and mix to a pliable dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll thinly, cut into circles with fluted cutter. Place circles on biscuit trays. Combine ground almonds, coconut, and sugar. Beat egg-white slightly, add milk

and almond essence. Add to dry ingrediand amond essence. And to dry ingredients, mix well, pile on to pastry rings.

Make a depression in centre of each and fill with a little raspberry jam. Bake 15 to 17 minutes in moderate oven.

#### SMOKED FISH KEDGEREE

SMOKED FISH KEDGEREE

Six cups white sauce, 3lb. cooked smoked fish, 1 grated onion, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper, lemon juice, salt, cayenne pepper, 3 cups cooked rice, paprika, lemon, parsley, and sliced hardboiled egg to garnish.

Flake fish, removing any dark skin and bones. Mix with sauce. Add onion and red pepper. Season to taste with salt, cayenne pepper, and lemon juice. Fill into individual serving dishes, border with cooked rice, dust with paprika. Garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg, lemon, and parsley.

#### PAPRIKA STICKS

Two ounces good shortening, 14 cup plain flour, 4 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 3oz. dry grated cheese, 1 egg-yolk, squeeze lemon juice, paprika.

squeeze lemon juice, paprika.

Rub shortening into flour sifted with salt and cayenne pepper. Add cheese. Mix to a dry, firm dough with egg-yolk mixed with lemon juice, saving about half a teaspoon to mix with an equal amount of water for glazing. Roll out to 1-8th inch thickness on lightly floured board. Brush with egg-yolk mixed with water, dust lightly with paprika. Cut into strips ½in. wide and 44in. long. Place on oven-tray, bake in moderate oven 6 to 8 minutes.

#### COCONUT LOAF

COCONUT LOAF

Two cups shredded coconut, 6 cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 2 cups sugar, 1 teaspoons sail, 2 eggs, 3 cups milk, 2 teaspoons vanilla, ½ cup shortening.

Toast coconut in a shallow pan in very moderate oven until golden brown but not too dark. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add sugar, stir in toasted coconut. Fold in beaten eggs and milk mixed with vanilla and melted shortening, making a soft mixture. Pour into greased loaftins, bake in a moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Serve cut into slices.

#### FABULOUS FUDGE CAKE

Three ounces unsweetened chocolate, 22 cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, † teaspoon salt, † cup butter or margarine, 2 cups brown sugar, 3 eggs, 2 teaspoons vanilla, ‡ cup buttermilk or sour milk, 1 cup boiling water.

Grease two 8in. layer-cake pans; line pans with waxed paper; grease paper. Melt chocolate in small saucepan over very low heat (standing in another saucepan of boiling water). Measure flour, baking soda, and salt into sifter. Cream butter or margarine until soft in large bowl; gradually add brown sugar, creaming well after each addition. Beat in eggs one at a time; stir in vanilla and melted chocolate. Sift in dry ingredients alternately with butterstir in vanilla and melted chocolate. Sift in dry ingredients alternately with butter-milk, beating after each addition until batter is smooth; stir in boiling water; pour into prepared layer-cake pans. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes, or until centres spring back when lightly pressed with fingertip. Cool layers in pans on wire cake-racks 5 minutes; loosen around edges with knife, turn on to cake-racks; remove waxed paper; cool completely beremove waxed paper; cool completely be-fore frosting with the following.

Chocolate-cream Frosting: Two ounces unsweetened chocolate, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 cup sifted icing-sugar, 4 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Melt chocolate and butter or margarine in top of 2-quart double boiler over hot, not boiling, water; stir in remaining in-gredients. Place top of double boiler in icewater; beat well 3 to 4 minutes, or until frosting is fluffy.

#### HOT MOCHA PUNCH

Twelve tablespoons cocoa, 3 pints hot milk, 3 pints black coffee, 8 tablespoons (or more according to taste), whipped cream if available.

Blend cocoa smoothly with a little cold water and add to the hot milk, Add sugar and freshly made black coffee. Reheat just to boiling point, serve piping hot with a spoonful of whipped cream on top.

#### CITRUSADE

Six grapefruit, 9 large lemons, 6 to 8 lumps loaf sugar, 3 pints boiling water, sugar syrup to sweeten, crushed ice, sodawater or iced water, slices of lemon.

water or iced water, slices of lemon.

Squeeze juice from grapefruit into jug or basin. Carefully peel lemons and place rind in with grapefruit juice. Rub peeled lemons with loaf sugar, and add sugar to jug. Squeeze lemon juice and add. Pour boiling water over, allow to cool. Strain, sweeten to taste with sugar syrup, and just before serving dilute with crushed ice or soda-water. Garnish with lemon.



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Page 48



STARCH STAINS on the soleplate of your iron can be removed after the iron has cooled by wiping with a damp cloth or mild abrasive. Remove melted nylon fabric before the iron has cooled by scraping off as much as possible with cardboard; then clean with a mild abrasive.

Miss Precious Minutes says —

# Try these hints in your home

• Here are some useful ideas that will help simplify the odd tasks that must be done around every home. Add them to your file of handy hints.

DO not let furniture air-dry after washing. Wash a small area at a time with an oil-scan and this method will help to keep them at their original time with an oil-soap and color. very little water, and wipe as you go along.

TRON material that has been cut on the bias parallel to the thread of the material, not parallel to the seams.

FOR cleaning white painted surfaces use a paste of whitening and water; rub over the surface, then wash off with warm water.

To get soiled overalls and shirts really clean, try soaking them in a weak cold-water starch for an hour, then wring out and dry. You will find that the dirt will come

NEVER wash new cotton materials with other fabries as the dressing will prevent the water from becoming soapy and may also affect the color of the other garments. You should soak new cottons all night in cold water to which has been added a handful of salt or a little Epsom salt. Rinse well the following day to remove any dressing day to remove any dressing that may remain, and then wash the garment in the usual way.

A SAW blade will cut more easily if you give it a thin coating of soap.

#### COUGHS IN CHILDREN

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse.

A cough is a very common ailment in babies and toddlers. Some of the effects can be serious, so it is very important to find the cause of a persistent cough and treat it as soon as possible.

IN very young infants there are rare cases in which a cough is caused by a congenital abnormality which may need skilled surgery.

The most frequent cause of the control o

Little children sometimes put small objects into their mouths or noses and these can be sucked into the lungs and cause severe and uncontrol-lable coughing. The conse-quences may be serious unless prompt medical attention is given and the object removed

whooping cough, especially in a little baby, can be extremely dangerous, and it is best to get a doctor's advice

coughing, however, is the re-sult of an infection of the nose, throat, or tonsils.

A leaflet on simple nursing and treatment for the common cold with hints for prevention of colds can be obtained from The Australian Women's The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for leaflet.

# Savory flan wins prize

A recipe for oysters and cauliflower in a crunchy, cheese-flavored pastry case wins the main prize of £5 this week.

Christmas contest

OUR contest for the best recipes for Christmas food

attracting many entries from readers.

and beverages, announced last week, is already

MEDLEY of cooked large white vegetables could be used in place of the cauliflower in the prizewinning flan, if preferred.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded to recipes for a creamy dessert served with spiced peaches, and a crusted fruit pie.

All spoon measurements are level.

CAULIFLOWER AND OYSTER FLAN

Cheese Crust: Eight ounces flour, pinch salt, I teaspoon baking powder, pinch cayenne pepper, 4oz. butter or margarine, 2oz. grated cheese, I-3rd cup water, lemon juice. Filling: One small or half a

large cauliflower, ‡ pint white sauce, I dessertspoon lemon juice, I dozen oysters, I tablespoon chopped parboiled red pepper.

Sift flour, salt, baking powder, and cayenne pepper into basin. Rub in shortening, add cheese. Mix to a firm dough with lemon juice and water. Turn on to floured board, roll out to fit an 8in. flan-ring or tart-case. Trim flan-ring or tart-case. Trim and decorate edge, prick base. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes.

Prepare filling: Wash cauliflower thoroughly, break into flowerets. Place in saucepan of boiling salted water and cook until just tender. Drain and fold into heated sauce with hearded overers lemon. with bearded oysters, lemon juice, and red pepper. Turn



CAULIFLOWER AND OYSTER FLAN, easy to prepare and good to eat, makes a substantial meal. See recipe.

oven until reheated,

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Newell, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, Sydney

CRUSTED FRUIT PIE

One pound cooking apples, 2 bananas, 1 cup brown sugar, teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon cach orange and lemon juice, 2 tablespoons water.

Peel, core send in the control of the core cache.

Peel, core, and slice apples, cook in a little water until barely tender. Grease an ovenware dish, sprinkle a little sugar over surface. Place a layer of apple in dish, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon; cover with sliced bananas, dot with butter. Continue in these layers until fruit is used. Combine orange and lemon juices and water, pour over contents in dish. Cover with prepared peanut-butter crust, bake in hot oven until top is

cooked. Serve with cream.

Peanut Butter Crust: One cup wholemeal flour, I teaspoon salt, I teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons peanut butter, milk to mix.

Sift dry ingredients into

butter, milk to mix.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in peanut butter.

Mix to a soft dough with sufficient milk. Roll out on.

top of dish. Place over fruit top of dish. Place over Hun-in dish, make a few slits in top, brush with milk or water, and cook as given above. Consolation Prize of £1 to

Mrs. G. Gregg, 41 Augusta Rd., Hobart.

COFFEE CREME

One tablespoon gelatine, ‡ cup cold strong coffee, ‡ cup boiling water, 8oz. cream cheese, 2 egg-whites, ‡ cup

Soften gelatine in half the coffee; add boiling water, stir until gelatine is dissolved, then add balance of coffee. Beat cream cheese until soft, add to gelatine mixture. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, and continue beatadd sugar, and continue beating until mixture stands in
peaks. Fold into coffee mixture. Pile into mould, chill.
Unmould, serve with peaches.
Spiced Peaches: Tinned
peach halves, \(\frac{2}{3}\) cup peach
syrup, \(\frac{1}{3}\) teaspoon cinnamon,
\(\frac{1}{3}\) teaspoon nutmeg,
Place peach syrup, cinna-

Place peach syrup, cinna-mon, and nutmeg in saucepan, bring to the boil. Pour over peach halves; chill.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Kennedy, 112 Sack-ville St., Greenslopes, Bris-

### Give your home SPRING-FRESHNESS GARDEN-FRAGRANCE



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Page 50



# 2-car family prefers the car with the



by George Hay m a travelling salesman and found that it's not my face t's my fortune — but my

Yolkswagen.
"Let me give you the facts! clock up 300 miles during a

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day in my Volkswagen and enjoy every minute.

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VW that she never gets any chance to drive it herself."

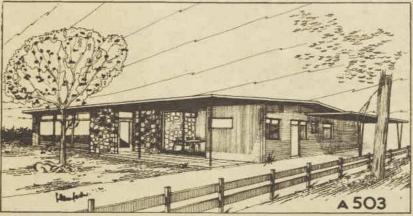
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[ADVERTISEMENT] THE Australian Women's Weekly - September 17, 1958

# Design with appeal



OUR HOME PLAN No. A503 is designed to blend harmoniously into many typically Australian settings. It is simple but smart, and there is no fussy ornamentation that always tralian settings. It is simple but smart, and there is no fussy ornamentation that adds to the cost of building a home. The low-pitched roof is a feature.

 Our plan this week is one that would blend harmoniously into many typically Australian settings.

THIS standard plan is available to readers in any nominated building material, and can be bought for £7/7/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres. See addresses below.

The smart but simple design is one of our "signature" plans and was designed by Adelaide architect Mr. P. Bamford. He has omitted fussy ornamentation, with the result that the house is economical to build nomical to build.

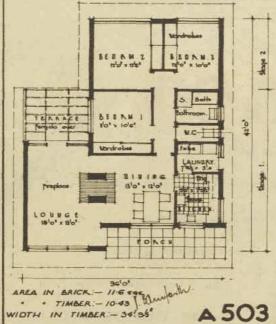
The roof spreads from a very low pitch right over the front verandah for protection from summer sun.

Glass walls and picture windows contrast with the stone-work featured on the front elevation and in the interior free-standing fireplace.

The house is set low on the land to give a closer tie-in between the exterior and the interior. The lounge and dining-room open to the front interior. terrace, so they get all breezes.

The architect has planned as large an area as possible for the living rooms across the front of the home, opening them to a front and rear terrace, with the bedrooms in a compact group to the rear away from street noises.

The master bedroom also opens to the private rear ter-rage. Bedrooms 2 and 3 have corner positions, with glass walls at the end of the building for maximum sunlight and brightness and a pleasant gar-den outlook. They are equip-



FLOOR LAYOUT of the home that could be built in two sections, the first finishing with the rear wall of bedroom 1 and bathroom. Bedrooms 2 and 3 could be added later.

ped with capacious built-in

Estimated cost of building this home would be:

In New South Wales: Brick, £4875; timber, £3455; fibro, £3350.

In Victoria: Brick, £4375; brick veneer, £3830; timber, £2975; asbestos, £2855.

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In South Australia: Brick. £3485; timber, £3025; asbestos, £2975.

#### EXHIBITION

EXHIBITION

The exhibition of prixewinning plans and other interesting entries in The Australian Family Home Compatition, now at McWhirter's,
Brisbane, will continue there
until September 13, and then
go to other States.

This exhibition will be on
show to the public at:

John Martin's, Adelaide,
from September 19 to 27.

Boan's, Perth, from October 3 to 11.

The Myer Emporium, Mel-

The Myer Emporium, Mel-bourne, from October 17 to

Fitzgerald's, Hobart, from October 31 to Navember 8. The competition was spon-sored by Taubman's.

#### OUR HOME PLANNING CENTRES

READERS who plan to renovate or alter their homes can get free advice on their pro-jects this month from our Home Planning Centres. This special service is being given at all our Centres to callers each Tuesday in

at all our Centres to calters each Tuesday in September.

The service is also available by mail. Write from anywhere in Australia to Box 134, Post Office, Broadway, N.S.W.

Throughout the year, our Home Planning Centres offer a comprehensive service to the intending home builder. Our standard plans are available at all Centres. Fee is £7/7/per full set, including specifications.

A new standard plan is published each week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Readers can have plans specially prepared to their individual requirements or design. Fee, £1/1/- per square.

Plans can be ordered by mail (please en-close fee) from our Centres. They are situated at the following stores:

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.

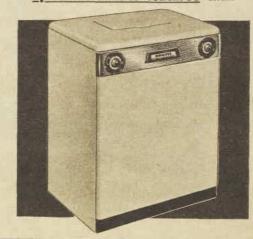
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Piggot's. MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

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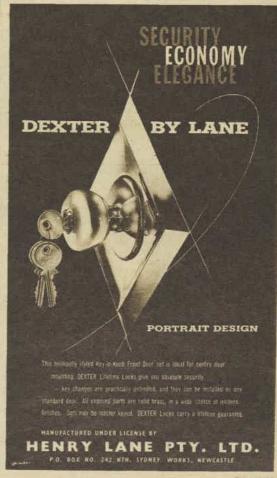
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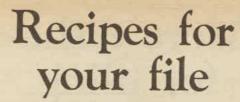






PHILIPS

Mrs. E. Sampson of Ruseville N.S.W., writes:



• Tasty foods that are fine to have on hand whenever there are people to serve are featured in this week's selection of kitchen-tested recipes. These are printed back to back. Cut the recipes along the dotted lines and each one is complete.



CRUNCHY PRAWN
RAMEKINS

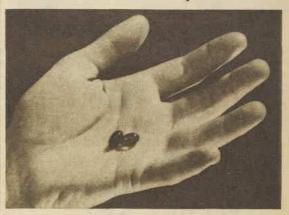
this shelled prawns (chopped), 1 tin cream of celery soup, 1 cup milk, 1 small chopped onion, 1 tablespoon parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, a dash Tabasco sauce, 1 cup cornflakes (slightly crushed), 1 cup blanched toasted almonds (slivered),

TOPSY-TURYY MOULDS

# NUT-CHOCO SNAPS • Four ounces shortening, 1 2-3rds cups sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2oz. cooking chocolate (melted over hot water), 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 4 teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup milk, 4 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup sifted icing sugar. Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in melted chocolate. Sift flour, salt, and baking powder, add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Stir in chopped walnuts. Chill 2 to 3 hours in refrigerator. Roll mixture into small balls approximately 1 inch in diameter; coat with icing sugar. Place on greased oven slide 2 to 3 inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Loosen with spatula; cool on trays. Makes approximately 4 dozen. These biscuits can be varied by rolling half the mixture in coconut which has been lightly sprinkled with sherry.

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-in the hollow of your hand



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long, happy life! They are the scientific and clinically recommended vitamin-mineral supplement so vital to your daily diet. Take just two every day (one black, one red) and you'll feel and see your health improve—in a very short time. Hemember—this way—the VYKMIN way is the natural way to good health!

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30.4 mgs.; Iron, 17.3 mgs. and
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#### "Please let me sleep alone!"

It's not true that baby will sleep better when cuddled up in bed with you. In fact, it's dangerous to sleep him with you. You may rell on top of him or push him off the bed when you're asiecp. When he cries at night, check him over. If he's dry, no pins sticking in, no wind pains— then turn a deaf ear to his cry-ing. He'll soon go off.

A GAY, EASY-TO-CLEAN NUR-SERY is his when you use the new, brightly-coloured plastics

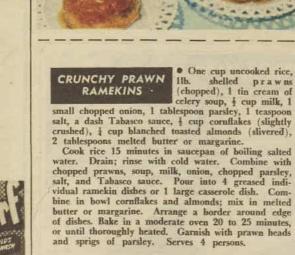
now available. Put it on shelves, table-tops and toy hoxes and just wipe it over when sticky finger-marks show.

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"I have told many of my friends about Surf and they are all delighted with the results!"

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Surf gives you the WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH!



THE Australian Women's Weikly - September 17, 1958

Until today, an invisible barrier may have kept you from the skin beauty you long for



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There is a special SECRET KEY TREATMENT for your skin . . . whether it is dry, oily, normal, or disturbed by blemishes or pimples. Max Factor make-up artists and cometicians at leading stores and chemists will analyse your skin and show you how the correct akin treatment group can help you. SECRET KEY TREATMENTS come in three-record arrays. FOR MAX ON NOWAR SECRET KEY TREATMENTS come in three-

YOU. SECRET KET THEATMENTS come in three special groups: FOR BRY OR NORMAL SKIN, FOR OILY SKIN, FOR DISTURBED SKIN. The proper group will do wonders for you!





# ROYAL ALBERT

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COMSTOCK'S WORM TARLETS

# More dishes for filing

 Below are two more recipes and two idustrations to complete this week's group of kitchen tested recipes. Try these delicious meat and sweet dishes right away for family meals or file them in your kitchen file for future reference.

BEEF
RAGOUT

Two medium-sized potatoes, 3 onions, 3 carrots, salt and pepper to taste, 4 teaspoon thyme, 3 rashers bacon (chopped), 2lb. chuck steak, seasoned flour, 1 cup chopped tomatoes, 1 cup stock or water, 4 cup dry wine, hot cooked rice, parsley to garnish.

Prepare vegetables; peel and slice potatoes, onions, and carrots. Cut steak into service-sized pieces; coat with seasoned flour. In large nan fay hacon until trans-

and carrots. Cut steak into service-sized pieces; coat with seasoned flour. In large pan, fry bacon until transparent, remove; add meat and saute until lightly brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Place alternate layers of meat, bacon, vegetables, and tomatoes in large greased casserole. Season each layer with salt and pepper, thyme. Pour over stock or water. Cover with close-fitting lid and bake in a moderate oven 14 hours. Add wine, cover, and continue baking an extra 4 hour. Arrange hot rice on serving-dish, spoon meat and vegetable mixture into centre. Garnish with parsley. Serves 6.



Ouarter-pound dried apricots, and the desert prunes, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons golden syrup, 20z. margarine, 40z. sugar, 1 egg, 14 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons milk.

Soak fruit overnight in water. Combine butter and golden syrup in small enamel basin; stir over low heat until well mixed. Pour into deep, greased muffin-tins or small ovenware dishes. Arrange well-drained fruit in syrup to form a pattern. Cream margarine with sugar until light and fluffy; beat in egg. Add combined sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with milk; mix. Spoon on to fruit and syrup mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot on small dishes with butterscotch layer uppermost.

This recipe could be baked in one large ovenproof dish for 40 to 45 minutes. Serves 5-6.



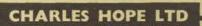




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W.W.V.B.



46 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. MF 8491 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - September 17, 1958

old cinema newsreels in the film library." She picked up her bag and gloves.
"Won't you have another cup of tea before you go?" Fawcett sounded genuinely refuctant to let her leave. The fact was that he had taken a great liking to this efficient young woman with the piquant face and the warm brown eyes. and the warm brown eyes.

and the warm brown eyes.

"No more, thank you, Sir John. I'll see you on Wednesday, then, for rehearsal."

Fawcett opened the door of her car. "It's been delightful to meet you, Miss Forrester. Pee seen you on television so often that I felt I knew you before you came."

She laughed. "Goodbye, Sir John." She gave him a friendly wave and shot quickly away down the broad gravel drive.

riendly wave and shot gravel drive.

Kathryn was fortunate in having found a job that suited her perfectly.

She had wanted to be an actress, and had put in a year's hard work at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art before realising that her talent was not sufficiently unusual to offer much of a prospect in such an overcrowded profession. Then she had switched to newspaper reporting, first in the provincea and afterwards in Fleet Street, but again she had been competent rather than brilliant. petent rather than brilliant

Television had given her just the medium she needed. To be successful in a popular magazine programme you had to be able to organise a bit, and act a bit, and talk to people easily in front of the cameras, and, of course, look nice, and she could do all these things. She had found her niche.

She had found her niche.

Professionally speaking, she felt very content as she swung the car into the London road after seeing the ex-Commissioner. These preliminary interviews didn't always turn out as well as this one. He was going to be very photogenic, too, with his crisp silver hair and fine head. At twenty-nine, Kathryn preferred maturity to youthful good looks — which was just as well, she reflected, since Charles wouldn't see forty again.

Her thoughts went back to the interview that had started it all, nearly two years ago now, when she had called on Charles Hilary at his London hotel and he had talked to her about the problem of feedingstuffs in Antigua! It had been an odd start to a romance, but he hadn't been so solemn at rehearsal, and by the time they'd faced the cameras together they'd both wanted to go on meeting.

A cloud settled on her face. What a hopeless situation they'd Her thoughts went back to

A cloud settled on her face. What a hopeless situation they'd got into! They'd reached a point where being together wasn't much for any more, they were both so tense and strained. That stupid quarrel she had started last night!

Poor Charles! Still, he'd have to get over those scruples of his and make a decision. In the end he would, of course—she hadn't a doubt about it, or about what the decision would be. But why wait? She wondered how he'd fared with Louise.

It was nearly six when she reached the studio. She cleared up one or two things and then went along to the film library to see if Bob Sanderson could help her with pictures.

Bob was a leake add to the state of th

Bob was a lanky adolescent whose job was to file away enormous quantities of film in flat, circular in boxes and stand by in the evenings in case anyone should want something auddenly. His passion was sport — as a participant, when he couldn't His ambition was to become a sports writer. His nose was buried in the sporting page of a newspaper when Kathryn looked in "Hallo, Bob"

He whipped his feet off the table when he saw who it was. He had got over the worst of his calf-love for Kathryn, but "Sente "Sente" "Yes, I kno papers are be what's happer sare be what's happers are be what's happer sare be what's happers are be what's happer sare be what's happer sare be what's hap

Continuing . . . .

# Death And The Sky Above

he still thought she was smash

he still thought and was ing.

"Here's something that's right up your street." She sat down at the table and opened fawcett's book, "A Policeman Looks Back." "Do you think you could find some film showing police and miner, playing football together during the General Strike?"

He took the book from her

He took the book from her and examined the photograph. "I dare say. Do you want to see them now?"

"No. Just put them aside and you can run them through for me on Monday evening."

He nodded. "Did you get chance to see any of Wimbledon stuff?"

'No, I've been up to my

"No, I've been up to my eyes."

"Well, have a look at this." He switched on a projector and a picture appeared on a small screen at the end of the room. It was the centre court. People were sitting with newspapers folded over their heads to keep the sun off and looked as though they were being slowly fried. Behind them an indicator showed that the American champion was leading her opponent by three games to two in the second set. The camera switched to a sturdy young women who at once lashed a ball with devastating precision into the farthest corner of the court.

"Ah!" said Bob in a tone of hero-worship. "Isn't she super?"

"Yes, she's wonderful — but

Yes, she's wonderful - but I really must run.

BOB switched off.
"Okay, Kathryn, I'll have the
stuff by Monday. So long."
A few minutes later she was
on her way to her Chelsea flat.
A little later she oneseed the

little later she opened the

A little later and door to Charles.

He took her into his arms with a grateful sigh, resting his cheek against her thick, dark hair, and holding her very

with a grateful sigh, resting his cheek against her thick, dark hair, and holding her very tight.

Then he said ruefully, "I'd better tell you at once, darling—it didn't work."

"Oh, well," she said, "come and have a drink." She poured sherry.

"How did you get on with Fawcett?" he asked.

"Oh, he's a lamb. We hit it off perfectly." She handed him his drink. "Come on, darling, what happened?"

He told her.

"Oh, Charles, isn't it wicked? Really, the law's monstrous.

! What was she like—was she sober?"

"Sober enough to know what

"Sober enough to know what she was saying—to start with, anyhow. She got very abusive towards the end."

They were silent. Finally, Kathryn said, "Well, there it is." She lit a cigarette. "We've done our best—now there's nothing for it but to put Plan B into operation."

into operation. "I still think that it's wrong," said Charles gloomily. "It's your being so well known that's the trouble."
"We'll be living abroad, don't forget."

"Yes, I know, but the news-papers are bound to wonder what's happened to you, and sooner or later someone will recognise you. I can just imagine the sort of publicity there'll be then."

"Oh, Charles, really! We'll find a nice, quiet spot somewhere in France, in the south, with a little terrace and a gorgeous view, and you can get on with your book and I'll prune the vines or whatever one does to them and we won't bother what anyone thinks at all."

all."
"It sounds idyllic, the way you put it. But how long

from page 23

would it be, I wonder, before you found yourself missing the life you lead here? Your work means a lot to you, after all."

She interrupted him impa-She interrupted him impatiently. "Now look, Charles, we've discussed all this before—every bit of it. We can't go on as we are. Having the cottage and the boat is all very well, but I'm tired of living separately all the week for the sake of appearances."

He nodded slowly. that's all true . . ."

"I shall send in my resigna-tion on Monday. I'm under contract for two more pro-grammes, and, of course, I'll have to do those, but by the middle of September I'll be free. We could scrap the holiday we'd planned in Peter's load and go to France instead." boat and go to France instead.'

She seemed so confident, so determined, that his last doubts were resolved. "All right, my love," he said, "I'll drop Peter a line tonight and tell him we shan't be needing a Witch after all. That will make a start. With a bit of luck, we should be able to get fixed up comfortably before the winter."

"With a bit of luck," she said, "we'll forget what winters are like. Oh, Charles, it's going to be so wonderful!"

He took her face in his hands. "I love you, Kathryn. I'll always love you. I hope I'll make you happy." He kissed her tenderly. Then he gave a long sigh of thankfulness, as though a great burden had rolled away. "I say, why don't we go to Pedro's and celebrate?"

"Now you're talking!" said Kathryn. "Just give me two minutes."

Charles was still under the spell of their new happiness when, just before ten next morning, he turned his car into morning, he turned his car into the forecourt of the big block in Hampstead where he lived. He parked beside a blue car in which two men were sitting talking and walked briskly through the hallway, nodding a cheerful "Good morning" to the porter. The day was per-fect and he felt on top of the world.

world.

He unlocked the door of his flat and was about to go in when footsteps sounded behind him and a voice said, "Excuse me, sir—are you by any chance Charles Hilary?"

He turned sharply, and saw that the two men from the car had followed him in. One was a tall, youngish man, with a fresh complexion; the other was older, with heavy shoulders and grizzled brows and moustache. They both looked quietly formidable.

"Yes," he said, "I'm Charles

"Yes," he said, "I'm Charles Hilary."

"Then I'd very much like a word with you," said the older of the two. "My name is Bates —Chief-Inspector Bates of the C.I.D."

Charles stared at him in sur-prise. "Well, you'd better come in," he said after a moment. "What's the trouble, In-spector?"

"It's about your wife, sir—
Mrs. Louise Hilary."
Charles became very still.
"Oh, yes?"

"You haven't heard the

news?"
"What news? Fve heard

nothing."
"I see. Well, I'm sorry to have to tell you, sir, that your wife has been found dead."
"Dead!" Charles met the inspector's scrutiny with shocked eyes. "When? Where?"

"Yesterday afternoon at her house in Clandon Mews. She was strangled."

"Strangled!" In horror he gazed first at one policeman, then at the other. He felt sick. Into his mind there had then at the other. He felt sick. Into his mind there had come the picture of Louise lying back on her couch, taunting him. He saw again the thin neck that he had wanted to choke the life out of in that moment of almost ungovernable anger. And now somebody had done it. It was horrible—uncanny.

The inspector's voice broke into his thoughts. "We found a letter in the bedroom, Mr. Hilary, which appeared to have come from you."

With the clarity of revelation, Charles suddenly saw the danger in which he stood. If they'd found the letter they knew about his desperate state of mind, about the divorce that Louise had refused, about Kathryn. It seemed fantastic, but they had grounds for suspecting him of the murder.

"Your letter indicated that you wanted to see her urgently. You didn't, I suppose, see her yesterday?"

For a split second, Charles wavered between the invited "No," the incriminating "Yes."

He needed time to think. To say "Yes" might involve him in explanations, protestations—they might even think that

explanations, protestations— they might even think that Kathryn had been concerned they might Kathryn h

"No," he said sharply, "I didn't see her yesterday. I had wanted to, as a matter of fact, but when I rang her up early in the morning she told me she was going away and would have to pack ..." Once the lie was told, words came pouring out to bolster it.

"When, in fact, did you last see your wife?" asked Bates.

"Oh, quite a long time agoearly in July, I think."

Bates nodded and glanced at his notebook.

"Well, sir," said the inspector, after a pause, "perhaps you can give me a little help. Do you happen to know anything about your wife's relationships with other people? Othermen?"

"I doubt if there's much I

"I doubt if there's much I can tell you about that ... Oh, there was one thing ... "He mentioned the taxi incident in Piccadilly. "But I couldn't describe the man," he said. "I only saw his back."

Batea. was visibly unimpressed. "You know of nofriendship? No liaison? She never mentioned anyone?"

"No, Inspector. We've been living in separate establishments for nearly two years and we rarely met."

"Quite so. As a matter of interest, sir, what were you doing yesterday afternoon?"

"I was at the Oval watching the cricket."

"With a companion?"

"No, alone."

"H'm. I wonder if you'd mind giving me a rough idea of your timetable from lunchtime onwards?"

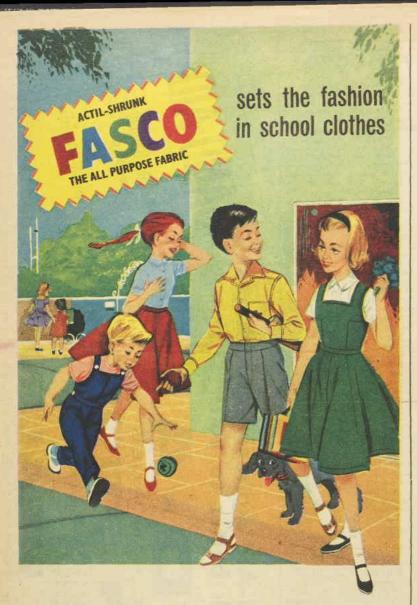
"Well, now, let me think... Briefly, he told how he had dropped into the pub for a beer and a sandwich and how he'd suddenly got the idea that he'd like to see the Test match. "I drove down just before two o'clock and went into the ground soon after the resumption of play—say, twenty past two. I stayed till about a quarter to four and then came home."

"Yes, I see" Bates glanced at his colleague. "All right, Mr. Hilary, I think that's all for the moment—except that I'd feel obliged if you'd let Sergeant Nixon here take your fingerprints."

Fingerprints! For a moment Charles gaped at the inspector. That was something he had completely overlooked. They

To page 56





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Page 56

would go over the house for fingerprints, of course — and they would find his! They would find them on the bottle of rum and on the glass he had handed to Louise.

handed to Louise.

Desperately he tried to repair the damage. "Look, Inspector, I.—I'm afraid I misled you. I was at my wife's house yesterday—but not in the afternoon. In the morning. I left her hefore one o'clock and I swear I didn't see her again."

The grey eyes of Inspector Bates had become very cold. "Why didn't you tell me this in the first place."
"Because I saw what a

"Because I saw what a frightful position I was in. I'm sorry—it was an idiotic thing to do. I realise that now."

Bates grunted. "Well, I shall have to ask you to accompany me to the station, I am afraid."

"You mean you're arresting

"No, sir, I'm not arresting you, but in view of what's hap-pened we shall have to know a great deal more about your movements and it will be more convenient at the station."

convenient at the station."

Sitting back in the car, with the stolid inspector at his side, it occurred to him that a lawyer be present at the resumed interview. Yet that was necessary, surely, only when a man had something to hide and might give his case away as an innocent suspect, his own best course was obviously to be frank about everything.

And when at the police sta-

frank about everything.

And when, at the police station, Chief-Inspector Bates cautioned him and invited him to tell the full story, he did so with relief. The shorthand writer's pen moved swiftly.

Bates heard him out in silence, and then began to put questions.

questions.

"Did you happen to mention to anyone else that you were going to pay this visit in the morning?"

morning?"

Charles shook his head. Kathryn had known he was going, of course, but the last thing he wanted to do was to bring

ne wanted to do was to bring her into it. "Did you stop anywhere on you way from your flat to the mews?"

"No."
"Did you park your car in the mews?"
"No, a little way down the road on the other side."
"Why did you do that?"
"It was a very hot morning and that was the nearest bit of shade."
"I see. Do you think anyone saw you as you approached the mews, or as you left it?"
"I rather doubt it," said Charles.
"H"m. Now what about after

Charles.
"H'm. Now what about after you left the mews? You say you went to this pub in Duncannon Street. Would anyone there remember you, do you think?"
"I imagine the barman

Death And The Sky

from page 55

Continuing . . . .

would. He knows me by

sight."
"But he wouldn't remember
where you'd come from?"
"No."

"No."

"When you got to the Oval, what part of the ground did you go into — one of the enclosures?"

"Oh, they were all full — the whole place was pretty packed. I went in with the crowd, and even so I had quite a job to find standing room."

Nixon intervened. "Did you buy a score card?"

"Yes."

"Did you keep it?"
Charles frowned. "No, I don't think I did. I seem to remember screwing it up and throwing it away just before I

"Did you speak to anyone during the afternoon?" Bates resumed.

resumed.
"No, Inspector. I wasn't in a very chatty frame of mind."
Charles was beginning to feel the strain. "I wish I could think of someone." of someone."
"At least you can describe

tated. "I'll try, but I don't pretend to be an expert on cricket . . . India was batting, of course . . ."

"If you could just describe what you can remember of the game — and incidents, any excitement, any wickets taken, changes of bowler, and so on

changes of bowler, and so on.

For fifteen minutes Charles groped painfully in his memory while Bates took him through the afternoon's play. It was a gruelling examination and he knew he wasn't doing very well. The interview was interrupted by a tap at the door and the inspector was called to the telephone. He was away a few minutes and returned briskly. "Well, Mr. Hilary," he said, "there's been a development — quite a piece of luck. We've found a woman who says she saw a man leave your wife's flat in Clandon Mews about half-past three yesterday afternoon and she thicks she might be able to identify him."

"Thank heavens for that!"

"Thank heavens for that!"

"Thank heavens for than Charles exclaimed.
"If you wouldn't mind attending an identification parade straight away," said the inspector, "I shan't need to

ouble you any more."
"Right!" said Charles eag-

erly.

There were several men al-ready waiting in the yard of

Above

Gate Street police station when Charles joined them, and others were being shepherded in from the city pavements to do their civic duty. Most of them were of about Charles' own age and physical stamp, and all were hatless. Soon there were eleven besides himself.

After a few minutes Bates appeared and ask them to form a line against the wall. Then the woman was brought out. Her pleasant face wore a rather serious expression. She walked quickly along the row, giving only the briefest glance at each face. But opposite Charles she stopped.

"That's the man," she said after the merest trace of hesitation.

Charles stiffened in horrow.

Charles stiffened in horror.

Charles stiffened in horror.

"Why, I've never seen you before in my life . ."

"But I've seen you," she said.
There was a moment's silence. Eleven men cast curious
glances at Charles. Then Nixon
took the woman away and the
line broke up.

Charles felt a hand tighten
on his arm. "Better come inside." said Bates.

on his arm. "Be side," said Bates.

"Charles Edward Hilary, you "Charles Edward Hilary, you are charged in the indictment that on the third day of August of this year you murdered Louise Mary Hilary. Charles Edward Hilary, are you guilty or not guilty?"
"Not guilty."
"From the Old Bailey dock, Charles caught and returned Kathryn's phantom smile. At least the waiting was almost over.

over.

Three weeks had dragged by since his arrest — three weeks into which a lifetime of anxiety had been compressed. His chief feeling had been one of incredulity that he could actually be in prison on a murder charge.

Now as he listened to the

ally be in prison on a murder charge.

Now, as he listened to the jury being empanelled, it seemed fantastic beyond belief that the purpose of all this ceremony was to weigh and judge his guilt, when in fact he knew no more about Louise's death than the usher did.

He gazed nervously around the court. The crowd that had packed the public benches must be only a fraction of the mothat had failed to get in.

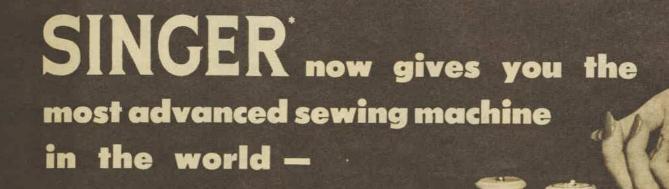
It was because of Kathryn, of course, that the queue had begun to form at five; because of Kathryn that the case was a topic of conversation in every corner of the country. She had

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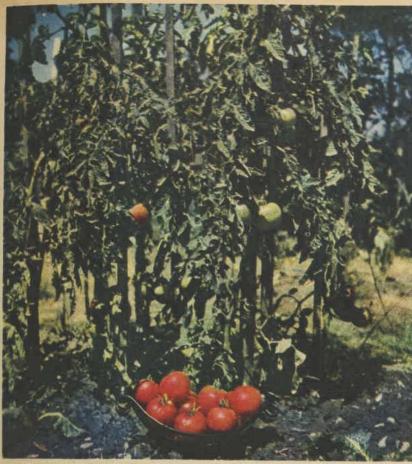
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NT115B





LUSCIOUS TOMATOES like these are achieved by care and making sure they are free from pests. Mite and spotted wilt are two of the commonest enemies of tomatoes.

Garden pests and methods of controlling them are given below.

# Prevent those pests

 With the advent of warm weather, pests and diseases of all kinds appear in the garden and take toll of both flower and vegetable crops.

AN early dusting or spraying with a suitable chemical will prevent the spread of disease and the breeding of pests in the

Here are some of the many diseases and pests that attack plants, and the methods of controlling them:

• Spotted wilt attacks tomatoes, lettuce, cabbages, eggplants, dahlias, carnations, potatoes, sweet-peas, cauliflowers, broad beans, asters, zinnias, chrysanthemums, calendulas, salpiglossis, cinerarias, Iceland poppies, petunias, schizanthus, stock, lupins, nasturtiums, calceolarias, gloxinias, arum lilies, hippeastrum, amaryllis, and many others. Spotted wilt attacks toma-

Control consists of precautionary sprayings of DDT that will kill thrips, which are regarded as the common carriers of the wilt — a virus disease. There are many types of virus diseases and all are regarded as incurable at present.

• Rusts affect snapdragons, roses, geraniums, chrysanthemums, hollyhocks, carnations, asters, goldenrod, peas, beets, spinach, broad beans, peach, plum, nectarine, apricot, almond, pines, spruce, junipers, maize, several kinds of currants and gooseberries, poplars, apples.

It will be seen, therefore, that the rust diseases have wide incidence. Outbreaks can be caused by many hosts.

• Leafspots attack a wide range of plants, including silver beet, beetroot, carrots, peas, gerberas, dahlias, chrys-

peas, gerberas, dahlias, chrys-anthemums, and many others. They usually differ in appearance, according to the species of plants they attack. The spots resemble rust on some plants, except for the fact that the spots are smaller, lighter in color, and do not carry the characteristic rust spores.

They are usually control-lable by early sprayings of Bordeaux mixture.

• Root or crown rot is com-mon in seedlings and is most prevalent during the warmer

#### GARDENING

It appears in the form of yellowing and rotting areas near the crowns or roots of plants such as stocks, car-nations, poppies, delphiniums, Canterbury bells, zinnias, and most vegetables grown under

Treatment of the seedbox soil with formalin (one part to 50 parts of water) is recommended, but if the disease is noticed early in seedbeds, a dreaching with ½oz. of corrosive sublimate to three gallons of water will usually check outbreaks. Care should be taken in using this chemi-cal, which is dangerous.

 Mildews (powdery and downy) are very common in roses, dahlias, chrysanthemums, apples, grapes, zinnias, delphiniums, potatoes, toma-

toes, pumpkins, marrows, cucumbers, melons, squashes,

and ornamental plants.

Mildews, fortunately, are easy to control during their early stages, by dusting or spraying with fine sulphur or any form of lime sulphur.

 Insect pests that attack garden plants are usually di-vided into three sections, those that live underground; the numerous species that eat leaves, flowers and fruit; and those that suck the plant

· Grubs, caterpillars, beetles, weevils, bugs, bean-flies, cut-worms, borers of many kinds, worms, borers of many kinds, froit-flies, grasshoppers, leaf-eating ladybirds, mole crick-ets, millepedes, pumpkin beetles, earwigs attack a wide range of plants.

They are easily killed by spraying their host plants with DDT, malathon, dieldrin, lindane, and other modern insecticides.

 Sucking insects such as aphids, thrips, leafhoppers, jassids, tomato mites, scales of many kinds, and many of the so-called bugs, are easy to con-trol now with DDT, or one of many other chemicals on the

market.

Aphids, thrips and jassids are known to be the carriers of many virus diseases such as spotted wilt, mosaic, leaf-roll, big bud in tomatoes, and countless other forms of these interesting diseases. counties other forms of these incurable diseases. It pays, therefore, to prevent them where possible by using insecticides to kill the carriers of these troubles.



been almost like another mem-ber of the family to hundreds of thousands of television viewers, so that it wasn't sur-prising that people should be interested.

As Charles looked up at the gallery eyes focused on his face with avid curiosity. Only Kath-ryn, sitting beside her brother in the body of the court, met his glance with a message of his glance with a message of

in the body of the court, methis glance with a message of
assurance.

Sir Francis Duke, Q.C., patted his wig, hitched up his
gown, and rose majestically.

"May it please your lordship!
I appear in this case on behalf
of the Crown with my learned
friend Mr. Forbes. The prisoner, Charles Hilary, has the
advantage of being represented
by my learned friends Mr. Leo
Mursatroyd and Mr. Hollis..."

Duke made an excellent
prosceuting counsel. He was a
big, solid man, with the sort of
presence that inspires confidence
in juries.

"Members of the jury," he
began.

began.
At about a quarter to four on the afternoon of Friday, August third, the body of Louise Hilary was discovered in the sitting-room of berhouse at I Clandon Mews, Kensington, where she lived alone. The discovery was made alone. The discovery was made by a messenger boy, Arthur Mason, who called to deliver a railway ticket from the Wide World Travel Agency. Get-ting no reply to his knock, and having been told that Mrs. Hilary was expecting him he peered through the slit of the letter box to see if there was any sign of her. He saw a pair of legs outstretched upon the sitting-room floor in an atti-tude which plainly indicated that something was amiss.

"He rang the police, who

"He rang the police, who arrived a few minutes later, forced the door, and found that Louise Hilary was dead. She had been strangled.

She had been strangled.

"Now it has been possible to establish at what time this murder was committed. Shortly before three-fifteen that afternoon Louise Hilary made a telephone call to the Wide World Travel Agency, asking what happened about the ticket for Paris which she had or-

Continuing . . . .

# Death And The Sky Above

dered. Her voice was recognised by a clerk, William Harbin. We can therefore say with certainty that she was alive at a quarter past three. By a quarter to four, the recorded time of the messenger boy's 999 call, she was dead. She had been murdered within those thirty minutes. The absence of ony signs of forcible entry at the house shows that the murderer was admitted by Louise Hillary herself.

"During the course of a rou-

Hilary herself.

"During the course of a routine search of the premises, the police discovered, on a bottle of rum in the sitting-room and on a glass, several clear fingerprints which were subsequently identified as those of her husband, Charles Hilary. Investigations by the police have failed to produce evidence that any other man was present in the house that afternoon.

"Members of the jury, those fingerprints were not the only discovery. On Louise Hilary's bed a letter was found—a letter from her husband which she had evidently received that morning..."

had evidently received that morning..."
Leo Murgatroyd, Q.C., listened to the prosecution case with outward calm and inward trepidation. The admitted facts were almost enough to hang Hilary. The only hope would have been to account satisfactorily for the other twenty per cent—or at least to put forward a theory sufficiently plausible to raise a reasonable doubt.
The barrenness of the defence

to raise a reasonable doubt.

The barrenness of the defence case was not due to any lack of effort. Private detectives had been employed to investigate every aspect of Louise Hilary's life. No man had ever been seen coming to the house, or leaving it, and the char, who came in two or three times a week, had never found any traces of a man's visit.

One stroke of luck—or so it seemed at the time—had been the finding of several receipted

the finding of several receipted hotel hills in her handbag. Agents had been sent to the seaside hotels where she had

from page 56

stayed, but their investigations had produced no evidence that she had spent these periods with a man. On the conwith a man. On the con-trary, such information as there was suggested that she had undertaken the trips

Efforts to get corroboration Efforts to get corroboration of Hilary's own movements had been equally fruitless. No one had come forward to say they had seen him visiting the mews in the morning, and as the prosecution had pointed out, his story about going to the Oval was unsubstantiated.

PEOPLE sat up with new interest to hear the evidence of Mary Agnes Scott. The woman's face was even more worried-looking than when Charles had seen her at the identification parade.

It was formally established that on Friday, August 3, she had walked past the end of Clandon Mews at about halfpast three.

past three.

She was sure of the time because she was on her way to the chemist's for a prescription that was to be ready tion that was to be ready then, and she had looked at her watch.

"Now, Mrs. Scott, will you tell the court what you saw as you passed the end of Clan-don Mews?"

don Mews?"

"I saw a man coming out of the first flat, the one nearest the road."

"Did you call at your local police station on the following morning and say that you had seen this man?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"How did you describe the man to the police?"

"I said that he was tall and very sunburned and that he wasn't wearing a hat and that I thought he had brown hair."

"Were you subsequently taken by Inspector Johnson to

Gate Street police station to see if you could identify the

"Yes."

She had waited in a room for a few minutes at the police station and then was taken into a yard for the identification parade. She had picked the man out at once.

"To the best of your knowledge, had you ever seen this man prior to that occasion?"
"No."

"Can you see the man in court now?" "Yes." "Please point him out."
"That's the man —

Kathryn was silent as her brother drove her home after the adjournment. She had great faith in Murgatroyd; perhaps things would look dif-ferent after he had made his final speech, but so far it seemed to her that there had

seemed to her that there had been almost no defence at all.

She had begged to be allowed to give evidence in court, but the lawyers had finally decided against that, too, and Charles had strongly supported them. Charles had done very well—his answers to Murgatroyd had been careful and thoughtful, with nothing evasive about them, and nothing theatrical. It was surely impossible that any jury could have doubted he was telling the truth?—they must have realised that he was an innocent man that he was an innocent man caught in a net. Tomorrow they would say so. It was un-thinkable that they could do anything else. . . .

stay.
Ten minutes passed, twenty minutes, half an hour. Her

brother suggested that they should stretch their legs outside as other people were doing, smoke a cigarette, anything to keep themselves from thinking. She shook her head; she couldn't trust herself to move.

Forty minutes, fifty minutes. How long could one be tortured and keep same? Then, suddenly, there was a distant stirring, a hum of excitement, raised voices, a bustling into seats. They were coming back!

"Members of the jury are

"Members of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?" "We are."
"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

Guilty.

guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

The blood drummed in Kathryn's head. Through a mist she saw Charles draw himself up; heard the judge's voice—
"Have you anything to say...?" and Charles' cold "Nothing at all." The ghastly unbelievable words that would ring for ever in her ears, and a sonorous "Amen!" She felt herself falling, and clutched her brother's arm, and then there was darkness.

Just after four o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon—sixteen hours before the time fixed for Charles Hilary's execution—a large petrol-lorry was making its way through the southwestern suburbs of London. Its driver, a heavily built man named William Moore, was suffering badly from the heat: it was an exceptionally hot day for the time of the year. In fact, Moore felt so exhausted that he had decided to go to see the doctor after he had unloaded the cargo of petrol from the buge tank behind him.

As the lorry slowly descended the hill that led to Pentonhurst

the huge tank behind him.

As the lorry slowly descended the hill that led to Pentonhurst Prison, the big double gates swing open and a car emerged.

Moore slowed to let it turn in front of him and was just going to follow it when another car with an L plate nipped across his off-side wing. With a muttered curse, he wrenched the heavy wheel over to avoid a collision—and that was the last thing he ever knew. His grip relaxed, his body slumped in its seat, and his foot wedged down hard on the accelerator. At full throttle the great lorry

gathered speed and roared through the open prison gates. A uniformed officer who was about to shut them gave a about to shut them gave a shout of alarm, failed to jump aside in time, and was swept under the wheels.

Travelling now at nearly forty miles an hour, the lorry careered across the main court-yard, struck the doorway of one of the prison blocks with a fearful crash, and overturned. The petrol tank, ripped open by the impact, spewed out its contents, and as the fuel reached the hot exhaust there was a violent explosion.

In a matter of seconds.

was a violent explosion.

In a matter of seconds, Moore's body was incincrated. Two thousand gallons of flaming petrol were flung about the prison, and almost before anyone had realised what had happened there was a sea of fire stretching from the point of collision to the hospital block. From a neighboring store where the material for the mailbags was kept, columns of black smoke began to pour.

When the crash came

When the crash came Charles was lying on his bed in the roomy cell reserved for the condemned. The thick walls had not sufficed to keep out the phenomenal heat of the day, and he had stripped down to a singlet and underpants and

to a singlet and underpants and canvas shoes.

Three weeks had elapsed since the Old Bailey verdict. At first he had permitted himself to hope, for though the lawyers had advised him that the trial had been impeccably conducted and that there was little to hope from the appeal, they had thought there was a fair chance of a reprieve. Then, three days ago, had come word that the Home Secretary saw no reason to intervene.

He had been in mental agony for some time after that.

He had been in mental agony for some time after that. To be deprived of the life that had begun to hold such promise for a crime that he knew nothing about—that was a thought to unhinge the mind. He had lived through a frenzy of rage, a black hell of despair. But with the approach of the last hours he had grown calmer,

To page 61



disciplining himself with trite but eternal truths.

The worst part had been the farewell to Kathryn. Face to face they had gazed at each other in a dumb agony of love and grief.

He had forced his mind into numbness again. When the because he hardly notice called out derisis because the bardly notice and the company of the called out derisis when he was he hardly notice to the called out derisis in the called out of the called out of the called out of the called out derisis in the called out of the called

numbness again. When the crash came, he hardly noticed it. He was like a man in a trance, almost impervious to noise and shock.

But the tumult grew more insistent, and he roused himself and padded across the floor to the iron grille. Somewhere along the corridor, men were along the corridor, men were acreaming and beating franti-cally on locked doors. The warder, who had never ceased to watch him, had disappeared. ple were pounding past, iting above the din. Alarm were ringing.

Acrid smoke was seeping along the passage, and Charles began to cough. The pandemonium was increasing, the panic was infectious. Now he could hear the metallic clang of cell doors being flung back. They must be evacuating the block. Instinctively and irrangular to be began to be a contract of the could be began to be a contract. mally, he began to beat on s own door.

Then the keys jangled, and through a fog of smoke a warder yelled "Out!" and grabbed him by the arm. In a moment he had joined the scurrying throng of prisoners in the corridor.

Outside in the courtyard all was confusion. Two blocks

was confusion. Two blocks were burning furiously, and a thick blanket of smoke had turned the sun into a dull red ball.

hall.

A fire engine tore through the prison gates and across the yard, nearly running Charles down. He stepped back and stood irresolute while hoses were run out around him. The restraining hand was no longer upon his arm—in this moment of catastrophe he had ceased to be of paramount importance. to be of paramount importance

The pall of smoke steadily thickened and descended, until soon nothing was visible but vague shadows. Choking, he moved away to get out of the smoke, and, as he groped shead, his fingers touched ironwork. Dim shapes were bent over something on the ground, noisy and excited. He walked out, and no one stopped him, and a moment later he was in the road.

Until now he had had no Until now he had had no conscious thought of escape: aix weeks under lock and key had got him out of the habit of acting on his own initiative. But once outside the prison, it seemed absurd to go back. He couldn't hope to get far in these clothen, but at least he had nothing to lose. He began to run. began to run.
As he emerged from the

# Death And The Sky Above

smoke-screen into bright sun-shine, a youth racing by on a bicycle called out derisively: "Keep your elbows in!" For a moment, the significance of the words didn't register, but when he received tolerant smiles from other people whom he passed, he suddenly realised what was happening. Because of his singlet and underpants, they were mistaking him for a real runner—an athlete out for training! He thrust his chest forward and his shoulders back smoke-screen into bright sunforward and his shoulders back and tried to imitate the easy, loping strides of the expert. As long as he kept moving he could probably maintain the

For the first time, he began to think of escape as a serious possibility, and when an opportunity occurred, he turned off the main road. Presently he found himself in a maze of mean streets where children played in the gutters and jeered as he passed.

By now his unpractised legs were beginning to feel weak and his breath was rattling in his dry throat. He could think of only one course that offered any hope—to ring up Kathryn. If she could pick him up in her car and take him out of the neighborhood, there was a

chance.

Ahead of him he could see a road junction, with a public lavatory in the middle of it, and—yes!—a telephone box. He covered the hundred yards in a final spurt and flung himself into the kiosk. Panting, he grasped the receiver.

It was only then that he

It was only then that he realised he had no money. Threepence! That was all he needed.

Then he remembered that it was sometimes possible to trans-fer the charge to a call, and hope returned. For a second or two he stood there with his or two he stood there with his hand on the receiver, getting his breath back, thinking what he would say to the operator. Then he dialled O. By the time the operator answered, his voice was under control.

"I want to make a transferred charge call to Flaxman 48042. I haven't any change."

The girl took it quite as a matter of course. "What is your name, please?"

Think quickly. "Forrester. John Forrester."

"Hold the line."

Almost at once the phone be-

"Hold the line."
Almost at once the phone began to ring at the other end.
Suddenly there was a click, he heard the operator talking, and then, like music from heaven, Kathryn's voice.
"Go ahead, caller," said the girl cheerfully.

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He didn't think anyone would e listening in, but it seemed

wiser to take no risks.

"Kathryn! Before you say a single word, let me tell you how frightfully sorry I am that I wasn't able to keep that appointment today. Something quite extraordinary happened, and it completely changed my plans. You do understand, don't you? I'm free now, quite free, and I'm at a place called Porter Street, S.W.17, where it joins Lemon Street. Do you think you could possibly pick me up here right away?"

There was a moment's abso-

There was a moment's abso-ute silence—then a frightened ibilance rather than a word. 'Charles!"

He tried to sound matter-of-fact. "Porter Street and Lemon Street. Could you come?" Again a pause, and then: "Yes, oh yes."
"Right. I'll expect you in about half an hour. In case

man's tie insert a piece of cardboard the same shape. This will prevent seam marks from showing.

I'm getting a cup of tea or something, will you give a hoot when you reach the junction?" "Yes." Her voice, though

'I'll come at once. He hung up quickly and looked out through the glass doors. Two men and a woman doors. I wo men and a woman were passing on the other side of the street. He watched them out of sight and let a car go by, and then he made a dash for the flight of steps marked "Gentlemen." There was no attendant. One of the closets had the word "Free" on it, and he shipped inside and

it, and he slipped inside and shut the door.

shut the door.

At last, a respite!

While he waited, he considered the next move. His immediate needs were clear enough. Clothes, food — and above all, somewhere safe to hide. Somewhere off the beaten track, where he could lie undisturbed until the first fury of the manhunt was over.

undisturbed until the first fury of the manhunt was over.

After a while he heard a church clock strike in the distance. Five o'clock! He must have been down here at least half an hour. He tried hard to curb his impatience, telling himself that Kathryn had the rush-hour traffic to contend

POSTAGE

with and that finding a rendez-vous like this wouldn't be easy. Suddenly, almost overhead, a familiar hooter summoned him. At the sound of his step, Kathryn twisted round in her seat. He jerked the door open and flung himself into the rear seat. "Drive on, Kathryn! Quickly! Make for the Ele-

phant!"
As the car moved off, her eyes met his in the driving-mirror. "My darling!" she said in a choking voice. "Oh, my darling! ... Charles—what's happened?"
"The prison caught fire. I escaped."
"Escaped!"
"Listen, Kathryn, Before you.

"Escaped"

"Listen, Kathryn. Before you get any deeper into this, you've got to realise something—you could get ten years for helping me. I shouldn't have brought you into it at all."

"Traffic lights!" she said sharply. "Keep down. There should be a rug there."

He covered himself as the car stopped.

He covered himself as the car stopped.

Directly they were over the crossing, Kathryn said: "My darling, the only thing we have to think about now is how to keep you alive. I simply don't care what happens to me. Now—where do you want me to take you?"

"I think Medway's the best place."

"The cottage?"

"Not for me—they'll remember that that was our hide-out. I thought of Twinney Island. I could camp out there indefinitely."

She gave a murrour of assent.

definitely."

She gave a murmur of assent.

Twinney Island was one of a
complex group of islets and
ide-swept saltings in the big
southern bulge of the Medway
where they had spent so many
weekends. weekends.

It had a battered seawall to had a battered seawait round it that would give some protection, and it was only a quarter of a mile or so from the cottage. It was as wild and desolate a spot as any in the

"We must get some stores over tonight, before the police come," he said. "There's plenty of stuff at the cottage."

"Can I come there with

"That's not possible, darling
the police would find the car.
Besides, you'll be my only lifeline. Sooner or later everything may depend on your
keeping your freedom of movement."

What shall I do then?

"What shall I do then?"

"Well, it's a bit tricky, but I think the safest thing would be for you to stay on at the cottage for a day or two. The point is, the police are bound to ask where you were from five o'clock this afternoon onwards, and I don't see how you can possibly invent a watertight story to cover six or seven hours. They can't prove anything if they find you staying quite openly at the cottage."

"Yes, I see that, I can

"Yes, I see that, I can always say I've come down to get away from people. Better get down again, darling. The lights are red."

They were held up for nearly five minutes. It was stifling under the rug, but Charles didn't dare to raise his head. When at last they moved off Kathryn said: "All right, darling?"

Kathryn said: "All right, darling?"
"Just about. Kathryn, I've been thinking. The best thing would be to drop me just beyond East Rainham, where the road touches the seawall—by Otterham Creek, you remember?— and I'll lie low there until dusk. Then I'll walk round the seawall and swim to the island."

She thought of the swift

She thought of the swift tides and the muddy banks and the total lack of seamarks in

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that part of the estuary. Still,
Charles was a good swimmer.
"All right," she said, "but for heaven's sake be careful.
Now tell me exactly what I must do."

Let be the said of the said o

must do."

He began to tell her while the car turned eastward out of London. The girl listened, seriously, until again they were in traffic and she had to concentrate on her driving.

She said: "Darling, what will happen when your food is all gone? How can I bring you more if they are watching me all the time?"

"You can't — we've got to

all the time?"

"You can't — we've got to face that. If you make one move in my direction or even so much as squint at the slands they'll be on to me like a shot. But if you cram the dinghy full I ought to be able to manage for a week or ten. to manage for a week or ten days, and by that time the hunt may have shifted."

He had begun to sound very tired—he was feeling the reaction now after all the effort and excitement.

He sighed and

action now after all the effort and excitement.

He sighed and lay back against the seat. Soon they would be out in the country. Kathryn had put on speed and was giving all her attention to her driving.

The open road lay ahead of them now, and it was just after seven when they slipped through the tiny village of East Rainham and approached the

Rainham and approached the spot where the road and the sea-wall converged. Charles looked carefully around to make sure there were no other

cars in sight.

"All right," he said. "We'd better make it snappy while the road's clear."

stopped the car and l. "Goodbye, my love.

turned.

Kiss me."

He leaned over and kissed ber gently. "Don't worry, darling. I'll find some way of seeing you."

"And I'll get those things to

you somehow."
"Bless you!" He got swiftly
out of the car and, without a
backward glance, climbed the
low sea-wall and disappeared

backward glance, climbed the low sca-wall and disappeared from sight. Kathryn pulled the door shut after him and drove on towards the cottage. Creek's Cottage was a rather ugly two-story brick house with a small sitting-room and scullery downstairs and two tiny bedrooms upstairs. It lacked all modern conveniences and water had to be fetched from a brackish well two hundreds yards away. Kathryn brought the car to a halt and sat for a moment looking out over the desolate scene. She had been a little worried something might have lappened to the dinghy during their long absence, but a glance set her fears at rest.

It was still there in the mud. secured by a long painter to a post driven into a patch of shingle. Spray was there too, looking little the worse for all the months of neglect. There was no water in the creek yet, only an expanse of glistening brown ooze and green weed that stretched away past the chain of islands to the distant deep channel.

She collected the door-key

deep channel.

She collected the door-key from under the stone where they left it all those weeks ago and let herself in. The place smelt as musty as a vault, and the fling the windows wide open. From a cupboard in one of the bedrooms she took the tarpaulin-wrapped bundle in which the sleeping-bags and pillows and boating-clothes were kept, and changed into slacks and a sweater. Then she fetched her rubber boots from the wooden shed, and set to work.

from the wooden shed, and set to work.

Getting water was always a laborious job, for the rusty iron pump worked only spasmodically. She filled the two jerrycans and a lidded enamel pail for herself. The cans still smelt of petrol even after she had rinsed them several times, but she had no other containers. Back at the cottage, she put

#### Death And The Sky Above

them outside the door on the baked earth and began to pile the other things beside them.

baked earth and began to pile the other things beside them.

First, the things that Charles had particularly asked for, so that she wouldn't overlook them—his old clothes, his sea-boots, his binoculars, his sleeping-bag and tarpaulin. Then she began to carry out the tims of food from the pantry.

Dusk was beginning to fall by the time she had finished. The tide had started to creep in over the mud, but it still hadn't reached the dinghy, and for the moment there was nothing more she could do. She sat down on the ground outside the cottage and gazed across at the low, dark outline of Twinney Island. It looked lonely and comfortless. The dying day threw a melancholy light over the creek, and she shivered.

Presently she gave a pull on the divelop wasters and falt the

shivered.

Presently she gave a pull on the dinghy painter and felt the boat stir. In a few moments it was floating clear of the mud and she drew it in until it grounded gently on the shingle. It was half full of water and

from page 61

Already the car was half-way along the raised track, and she knew she hadn't a moment to lose. Frantically she dashed to the shed, flung her rubber boots into a corner, and shut the door. Then, barefooted, she ran to the cottage, groped her way upstairs in the darkness, and hurriedly changed back into her town frock and smart shoes. She rolled up the slacks and sweater and tossed them into the cupboard, raced downstairs again and lit the sitting-room lamp, ran a comb through her hair, and tried to compose herself.

She heard the car pull up and the voices of two men. There was the unmistakable sound of the shed door being opened and of a car door being slammed—her own, she thought. Feet crunched menacingly on the shingle

She realised that the part of innocence required her to resent this unexplained intru-sion, and she went quickly to

"I don't mind telling you, fellows, I'm feeling a lot better!"

as she bailed it out with an old as she bailed it out with an old tin she realised that she must put some water back into it afterwards, or the police would know she had used it. There was so much to remember, and it would be so easy to make a mistake.

She gave a sigh when she had mopped out the bilges and carried out the stores. In an hour from now, with any luck, she'd have delivered her cargo and seen Charles safely installed. The dinghy would be tied up again and she'd be ready to face all comers. Impatiently she waited for the last of the daylight to fade. Charles must be on the point of setting off on his walk now, and it would take him half an hour. She ought to be making a move herself. She went to the shed and fetched the oars and rowlocks. and rowlocks.

She was just about to push off when she saw a light flashing on the main road a mile or more away. Suddenly, to her horror, it resolved itself into the twin beams of headlights pointing straight towards her. was coming along the

For a moment she stood petrified, holding the oar. It could only be the police; no one else would come to this spot, and at night. What should she do? She couldn't go off with the dinghy now; they'd see her car there and guess what she was doing and wait for her; and if she didn't come back they'd search the neighborhood. But it would be just as bad if they found the dinghy like this. With a sick feeling she dropped the oars across the thwarts, stepped out on to the shingle, and pushed the boat away from the shore with all her strength.

ALL characters in the Aserials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

the door. As she opened it one of the men flashed a torch straight into her eyes, and she gave an involuntary cry.

"Miss Forrester?"

"Who are you?" she demanded indignantly. "What on earth do you think you're doing prowling about there?"

The torch probed the empty corners of the sitting-room, corners of the sitting-room, and the men seemed to relax a little. "Sorry to trouble you, miss. We're from the county police. Fellowes is my name—Detective-Sergeant Fellowes." The sergeant had a youthful, pleasant voice, and as he lowered the torch she could see that he had a pleasant face as well. "Are you alone?" he asked

"Yes, I am. Why?"
"Do you mind if we take a look round the house?"
"What for? What's the

matter?"
Fellowes hesitated. "Haven't you heard the news, miss?"
"I haven't heard anything."
"Why, Charles Hilary escaped from prison this after-

'Escaped!" Kathryn saw "Escaped" Kathryn saw the chance of a breathing space. For a moment she gazed at him incredulously, then, slowly and very competently, she crumpled to the floor.

she crumpled to the floor.

When she opened her eyes, after a suitable interval, the sergeant was bending over her solicitously, a glass of water in his hand. She had heard the other man go upstairs — his heavy footfalls were still audible in the room above, and she caught the sound of a cupboard being opened. He was down again, flashing his torch round the scullery.

"All clear Sarge, Nothing

"All clear, Sarge. Nothing

here."
Fellowes dabbed water on Kathryn's forehead with his fingertips and put the glass down. "That was a nasty tumble, miss. Feeling better rough?"

afraid."

Kathryn nodded, and struggled to sit up. "What happened—about Charles, I
mean? How did he manage
to get away?"

The policeman took a paper
from his pocket and gave it
to her. It was a late edition
of the "News," its from page
black with headlines. "FIRE
AT PENTONHURST," she
read. "HEAVY CASUALTIES
IN PRISON BLAZE."
"CHARLES HILARY ESCAPES."

"CHARLES HILARY ES"CAPES."

She looked up at Fellowes.
"Did you think he was here?"

"Well, miss, we had to make sure." The sergeant sounded apologetic. "I expect you'd like to be left alone now. I'll have to station the constable outside, but he won't disturb you." He turned at the door. "It might be better if you stayed up for a while, though, Miss Forrester—an inspector will probably be coming down from the Yard to see you." He went out. A moment later she heard the car drive away.

She turned the lamp up a

She turned the lamp up She turned the lamp up a little and went outside to get her can of water. The constable, who was standing on the shingle looking out over the creek, directed his torch on her, but switched it off when he saw what she was doing. She went in and shut the door.

when he saw what she was doing. She went in and shut the door.

Behind drawn curtains, she washed her hands and face and applied new make-up. Her nails were grubby and she cleaned and polished them carefully. Grubby, too, were the soles of her feet, and she washed those also.

When she had satisfied herself that she had done everything possible by the way of precaution, she made herself a cup of tea and settled down to think out what she was going to say.

It was nearly midnight when sounds from the cause-

It was nearly midnight when sounds from the cause-way told her that the police were coming back. This time there seemed to be two cars. She heard Fellowes' voice and another one that we because

shere seemed to be two cars. She heard Fellowes' voice and another one that was Inspector Bates', the officer who had originally arrested Charles.

"Come in," she said.

"Thank you." The Inspector dropped his hat on the settee and gave her a long searching look. "Well, Miss Forrester, this is a very unfortunate business. I wish we could have spared you this extra strain... Still, we have our duty to do." His manner became brisker. "Now tell me: do you know where Hilary is?"

"You realise, Miss Forrester, "Has he been in communication with you?"

"You realise, Miss Forrester,
"You realise, Miss Forrester,

"You realise, Miss Forrester, that the penalties for helping an escaped convicted mur-derer can be very severe?"

"Nothing worse could hap-pen to me than has happened already," she said. "But, as I say, I don't know anything. The first I heard of it was when Sergeant Fellowes called."
"We shall have to satisfy

when Sergeant Fellowes called."
"We shall have to satisfy ourselves about that. Hilary escaped in his vest and underpants. It's almost incredible that he wasn't picked up right away, but he wasn't, and now he seems to have gone to ground. He couldn't have done that without help. When did you come down here?"

"I left home at about five

"I left home at about five this afternoon and got down at about seven."
"What made you come?"
"Charles and I had lived here together. I felt I should

To page 65

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like to be here when he when Continuing . . . . he died."

he died."

Bates looked and was uncomfortable, "I'm sorry I have
to intrude like this," he said.
"Was it your intention to stay

Was it your tong?"

"I hadn't any intention. I suddenly couldn't bear London any longer. If you mean did I bring anything with me, I didn't; not a thing. I simply wanted to get here. I should probably have gone back to-morrow."

"Will you still go back to-

morrow?"
"I don't know."
Bates grunted. "What have you been doing since you got

on been doing re?" She looked as though she She looked as though she with the she will be was going to cry. "What would you have been doing if someone you loved was going to be hanged in the morning? I wasn't doing anything: I was just sitting and thinking."

In his long career the Inspector couldn't remember a job he had found more distasteful. "May I see your hands?" he asked.

"My hands?" She held them out and he examined them under the lamp.

"Now your shoes."

She slipped them off, and he scrutinised them carefully before handing them back. Then he walked to the window and looked out over the

dow and looked out over dark estuary.
"You and Hilary did some sailing here, I believe. What boat did you use?"
"A little sailing-boat. It's out there now in the mud."
"Is that the only boat you have."

"Yes."

"I was under the impression that people who sailed always had a dinghy."

"Spray doesn't need one—she only draws a foot and a half, so we managed."

"I see . . Well, I'd better

"I see . . Well, I'd better have a look around."

Once again she listened to footsteps overhead, to the opening of cupboard doors, and, after he had gone out, to the sound of the shed door being opened and shut. Then Bates returned.
"I see working

"I see you've a pair of rubber boots in the shed. How is it they're wet?"
"I wore them when I went to fetch water from the

"It must be rather muddy round there."
"Didn't Hilary have any

'Yes, but he lost them the "Yes, but he lost them the last time we went out in Spray. He put them out on the mud so that they wouldn't dirty the boat, and forgot about them. The tide came in and carried them away."

"I found some of your old clothes upstairs, but none of Hilary's."
"I don't know anything about that. Perhaps he took them away with him. It's a long time since they were used."

There is only one sleeping-bag.

"He preferred a rug or blankets. He thought sleep-ing-bags were stuffy."

"I don't see any rug or blankets."
"We used to bring them down with us each time. They only got damp if left here."

only got damp if left here."
"Didn't your sleeping-bag get damp?"
"No, it's waterproof."
Bates regarded her thought-fully for a moment, then picked up his hat. "Very well, Miss Forrester. That's all for the time being. Good night."
"Good night. Inspector."
From the window she saw one of the policemen going out to Spray. He was soon back, though, and there was a short conference at the edge of the shingle. They were studying the mud.

up and she heard an engine being started. For one wildly hopeful moment she thought

#### Death And The Sky from page 63 Above

that Bates had accepted her story and that they were all going to leave. But only one of the cars drove away. She could see the glow of the con-stable's cigarette behind the wheel of the other as he settled

wheel of the other as he settled to his vigil.

With a feeling of utter despair, she threw herself on the settee. She wouldn't be able to get any fresh supplies out to him. He was there on the island now, without clothes, without food, without even water, helpless! Thirst would drive him ashore tomorrow. Even if it didn't, someone would be sure to find the loaded dinghy floating in the river, and it would be reported and the police would know all they wanted to know. Everything had been in vain. Her overwrought nerves suddenly gave way, and she sobbed as though her heart would break.

Soon after nine o'clock Charles had left his grassy hideout under the seawall and started his solitary walk round the edge of the creek. Because it was still not quite dark, he avoided the exposed top of the wall, preferring to pick his way through the debris along the shore rather than risk a sil-houette against the western sky. He had to be on his

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guard against putting a foot beyond the dry fringe and leav-ing prints in the moist ground below the last high-water mark.

below the last high-water mark. Any uneasiness he might have felt about the crossing itself was soon dispelled. The water was milk-warm, the tide was slack, and he had no heavy clothes to impede his movements. In a moment or two the dark outline of the island wall rose above him. He swam parallel to the bank, reconnoitring the shallows for a suitable landing-place. Presently, testing the bottom with his hands, he found a patch of hard gravel and scrambled ashore. He climbed to the top of the wall and dropped to the grass to recover his breath.

He looked across to the cot-

He looked across to the cot-tage. A lamp was burning, to his surprise, but there were no other signs of life. With a slight sense of disquiet he lis-tened for the sound of oars. It was strange, he thought, that Kathryn hadn't already ar-rived.

rived.

At that moment the lights of a stationary car blazed out beside the cottage. Then he saw two figures move across the light beam—the figures of two men — and the dreadful truth burst upon him.

Kathryn had been forestalled by the police. The dinghy wouldn't come. The whole plan had failed. And he had done the one thing he was most anxious to avoid; he had sacrificed her in the attempt to save himself.

The thought was unendur-

himself.

The thought was unendurable, and it spurred him to new action. He had got her into this mess—now he had got to get her out of it. He could think of only one way. If he were captured at some place far from the Medway, and swore that he had never seen

her, the police wouldn't be able to prove her complicity. He stood hesitating, watching the car drive off along the causeway. Why was it leaving, if it was a police car? With straining eyes he stared out straining eyes he stared out over the faintly luminous water. over the faintly lumnous water. Five minutes passed, ten min-utes. Suddenly the cottage door opened and he saw Kath-ryn's shadowy figure emerge and the beam of a torch being directed at her. That settled

With a heavy heart he made his way to the patch of gravel and re-entered the water. He swam with flagging strokes. The ebb had set in now, and out here in midstream he could barely hold his own against the tide.

the tide. He still had half the distance He still had half the distance to cover when, out of the darkness ahead of him, a solid object loomed. As he swam closer he saw that it was a boat. An old derelict dinghy! Only when he grabbed the deeply-laden stern and peered in and touched the jerrycans did the full extent of his good forture come home to him.

did the full extent of his good fortune come home to him. His joy then was so great that it was all he could do not to shout aloud. With returning hope came new vigor. Hoisting himself over the stern, he found an oar and began to scull himself back across the creek. The main thing now was to get the dinghy behind the streen of the island seawas to get the infanty behind the screen of the island sca-wall before the tide went down. There was, he rememberd, a breach in the wall somewhere, and if he could find it quickly he might still have time to float

the boat in.

He found the breach and manoeuvred the boat in, and then, sweating and trembling from the exertion, he sat down on the gunwale to recover.

It was too dark to unload the boat with safety — that would have to wait until morning—but at least he could slake his thirst and take the edge ing—but at least he could stake his thirst and take the edge off his hunger. He felt about in the bottom until he found a tin mug, and carefully poured out a ration of water. Petrol-flavored though it was, it tasted better than any drink he could remember. He found some biscuits, too, and chewed them slowly.

He still felt inhibitant at the

slowly.

He still felt jubilant at the dramatic turn of events, but as he came to consider the position more calmiy he realised that in fact the immediate crisis

that in fact the immediate crisis was by no means over. Kathryn wouldn't know that he'd intercepted it, and she must be almost off her head with worry. In one way or another, he'd got to let her know that the dinghy had arrived.

A glow in the sky over in the direction of the cottage drew him to the top of the sea wall again. This time he saw there were two cars approaching along the causeway. Kathryn was evidently in for a gruelling night. He watched them draw up, and saw the cottage door open and someone go in.

Not until the visit was over

Not until the visit was over Not until the visit was over and the second car had left and darkness had fallen once more on the house did he feel free to unroll his sleeping-bag. By that time he was so dazed with tiredness that sleep came al-most as he lay down.

He woke at daybreak, wonderfully refreshed, and lay for
a while in a state of almost
complete physical contentment.
It seemed too fantastic to think
that in an hour or two from
now they had intended to take
him out and hang him in a
prison courtyard and bury him
in quicklime in a nameless
grave.

All the same, the grim

To page 66



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hair-do's.

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The Body

Beautiful

Surround yourself with an aura of loveliness when you go forth for the day feeling fresh and pretty and before you tumble into bed at night. Do this by massaging yourself from tip to toe with your ulan whilst skin is still relaxed from the warmth of your bath. This will give the whole body a glorious feeling as the skin bees soft and smooth, with ivory-statue beauty. Margaret Merril



thought brought him back to realities. He slid quickly from his bag and put on his khaki shorts and shirt and sea-boots. Then he took the binoculars from the dinghy and climbed cautiously up the sloping wall until he had a clear but safe view of the cottage between tufts of stiff seagrass. The place looked so near through the glasses that he felt he could touch it if he stretched out his hand. He could make out the features of a man apparently dozing behind the wheel of a car, but there was no sign of life anywhere else.

Judging by the position of

Judging by the position of the sun, the time must be about half past six. The tide was half past six.

He turned and surveyed the island which was four or five acres in extent and completely flar inside the wall except for the odd hummock here and there. At high water, everything but the hummocks would be covered and the island inside the wall would become, if only for a few minutes, a lagoon.

He got down from his perch and started out to explore. He felt extremely hungry, but he was anxious to find out whether was safe for him to move out on the island in daylight, about on the island in dayight, and the best time to experiment was before the cottage came to life. He began to make a circuit round the inside of the wall. As long as he was careful about the break in the wall he could move freely and without worry at all times.

When he returned to the dinghy, he was ravenous. Obviously, he would have to cut down on exercise and husband his energies. He opened one of the tins of guavas and ate two of the fruits, following them with a piece of meat roll and a few biscuits. He counted the cigarettes and smoked one of them with slow relish.

Presently he stubbed out his cigarette buit and thrust it deep into a crack in the rock-hard carth at the foot of the wall. Then he turned his attention to the disposal of the stores. It was important, he felt, to keep them hidden away, so that if by any chance the police did decide to take a look at the When he returned to the

Continuing . . . .

# Death And The Sky Above

there.

During his walk he had discovered three convenient mudholes half covered in weed,
and in these he now concealed everything he had. The
two jerrycans went into one
hole, the tinned food into the
second, and all the rest of the
stuff, tightly wrapped in the
tarpaulin into the third.

These was negligible he could

There was nothing he could do about the dinghy yet, but he devised a plan. Lower down the creek there was a small pool he knew of, a shallow saucer in the mud which never quite dried out even in low-water aprings. On the next night ride, he decided, he would row the boat to the pool and sink it there. He would have to swim back. Then in an emergency he could recover it at any low water by walking through the mud to the pool and dragging it out.

Satisfied that he had taken

ing through the mid to the pool and dragging it out.

Satisfied that he had taken all the precautions possible at the moment, he climbed again to his lookout on the sea-wall and settled down with the glasses. In the village of Upchurch a woman was wheeling a hicycle down a garden path and an energetic farmer was already at work with a tractor. The whole string of islands between Twinney and the main river lay open to his inspection. He had no defences if his whereabouts should be discovered, but at least not much could happen without his knowing about it.

Kathryn's emotional collapse hadn't lasted long. In a very short while she had taken a fresh grip of herself and gone up to bed—not to sleep, but to think. The position was about as bad as it could be, but one thing was clear: she couldn't do anything while the police were watching her.

What, she wondered, were her chances of doing so if she

from page 65

left the cottage? Presumably they would follow her, and they must be expert at shadow-ing people. All the same, she believed she might be able to elude them.

elude them.

For a time, because the situation was so desperate that no plan seemed too fantastic, she devised a dozen ways of getting to Charles with stores. But they were all hopeless, and she gave them up one by one. And then, suddenly, it struck her: boldness might be the best answer to the problem — sheer, brazen nerve. The police were obviously hoping that she would do something clandestine. They would never expect her to take supplies out under their very noses! Now, wasn't there some way in which she could do that?

SHE believed there was. Suppose she told Sergeant Fellowes in the morning that she felt like having a sail in Spray and asked him to join her in a picnic lunch on board? Supposing . . She worked out the tides in her head. Tomorrow lunchtime it would not be right for them, but it would be the

As soon as she woke next morning she crossed to the window and stood motionless with her eyes focused on Twinney Island. The place appeared as deserted as it had always been, but she lifted her hand in salu-tation in case he should be watching her.

By tomorrow night Charles wouldn't have eaten or drunk for nearly sixty hours. How long could a man go without water?

There was a noise of car engines outside the cottage and she hurried downstairs. The constable was just driving off along the causeway and she saw with satisfaction that Ser-geant Fellowes had taken his

place. He turned at the sound of her step and gave her a slightly sheepish, "Good morn-

Without difficulty she con jured up a look of agitation. "I there any news, Sergeant?"

No, miss. He's still at

"No, miss.
large."

"Thank heavens," she said, and went in to make tea.

Half an hour later she set out to do her shopping. Sergeant Fellowes raised no objection when she told him where she was going; she was quite free, he said, to go anywhere she pleased, provided she didn't mind his coming, too.

didn't mind his coming, too.

As soon as she reached hochester she parked the car, bought an arnful of newspapers, and sat down on a public bench to read them. The first one she picked up turned out to be typical of all. There was a huge photograph of Charles, and underneath in bold letters, the words: "Have YOU Seen This Man?" There was a story about the close watch that was being kept on the ports, and the unlikelihood that Hilary could already have left the country.

The other papers had

The other papers had covered the same ground under their own staring headlines. "HILARY CHEATS GALLOWS." "WHERE IS CHARLES HILARY?" "YARD LEADS NATION-WIDE MANHUNT." "KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN."

For a while Kathryn sat appalled. Only now did she fully realise what Charles and she were up against. In a few hours the pack would be bay-ing along every trail.

She felt slightly sick and sud-denly remembered that she hadn't eaten for nearly twenty-four hours. It wouldn't help Charles for her to go hungry. She found a restaurant and had light meal irroging the a light meal, ignoring the pointed interest of the wait-resses.

Afterwards she did her shopping and they went back.

After lunch she decided to give a touch of varnish to some of Spray's bare patches, feeling that signs of activity around the boat at such a time would be an indication to Charles that she had a plan, and an encouragement to him. When she needed fresh water to wash the salt crust off the woodwork, Fellowes volunteered to take the pail to the well and fill it for her. Then he sat on the shingle and watched her work.

About eight in the evening he was relieved by a constable whom Kathryn had not seen before. She decided to go to bed early and try to get some rest.

In fact, she slept badly, again. The thought of Charles, so near, so lonely and so wretched, was an ache that never left her.

When she put her head out of the window soon after daybreak she saw that the sky was clear and the outlook most promising. They would be able to sail all right. The light southerly breeze was perfect.

promising. They would be able to sail all right. The light southerly breeze was perfect. She stood for a moment looking out over the mud. By now every detail of the scene was only too familiar. Her gaze took in the island and the boat, and the complex pattern of footmarks between Spray and the shore that she and the police had made, and the line of flotsam brought in by the night tide. Suddenly she frowned. night tide. Suddenly she frowned.

It couldn't be! She must be

It couldn't be! She must be imagining things. Flinging on her clothes, she raced downstairs. Outside the door she pulled up and nodded casually to the constable, trying to give the impression that she was merely taking the morning air. But her eyes were on the object she had seen from the upper room, and she knew she had been right.

It was an opened tin, held in the mud by its sharp, round lid. A tin of Trinidad guavas! Charles must have got the

For a second or two she con-tinued to stare at it, hardly

To page 71



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# John Wayne goes for the millions

\* Balding 51-year-old John Wayne, who has built a fortune on a loping walk, an air of cheerful confidence, and an engaging smile, recently completed the first of three films for which 20th Century-Fox will pay him two million dollars.

Conducted by Ainslie Baker

THE film is "The Barbarian and the Geisha." Wayne, battered veteran of countless Westerns, plays Townsend Harris, America's first Consul-General

Though he never graduated to lounge-suit-hero roles, Wayne has quite a line in drawing-room talk, can wear a tuxedo with distinction, and has a more luxurious and ordered standard of living than most Hollywood stars.

With his third wife, handsome Peruvian actress Pilar Palette, and their baby daughter, Aissa, "Duke" Wayne lives in a 14-roomed house on a four-acre California estate, with house on a four-acre California e a pair of Cadill'es in the garage,

His two previous marriages were to Josephine Saenz and Esperanza Baur.

John and Pilar have cruised the Mediter-

ranean as the guests of Greek shipping million-aire Aristotle Onassis, of Wayne's Aristotle friends and business asso-ciates is the Panamanian

Ambassador to Bri'ain.

For autograph-hunters he usually writes, "Good Luck, John Wayne," and replies to words of thanks with a courteous, "It's my

Born Marion Michael Morrison, "Duke" changed his name to John Wayne in 1929 when he made his first movie, "The Big

The lead role called for a tall, outdoor type who could talk and walk as though he meant it.

The husky, personable prop man who worked about the old Fox Film Corporation studios, and wanted to get into acting, filled the bill. Wayne got his first chance.

After 10 years of "three-day Westerns" and quickie action pictures, John Ford persuaded producer Walter Wanger to use Wayne in "Stagecoach," and the 6ft. 4in. actor began the long climb up to the stars.

Another 10 years later, and 20 years after "The Big Trail," Wayne made "Red River" (it introduced a young actor named Mont-gomery Clift), and hi, the top.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of John Wayne is his loyalty to his friends and his ability to inspire loyalty in others.

Wayne's closest friends are fellow-actor Ward Bond, director John Ford, actor-writer Paul Fix, his personal make-up man and constant travelling companion, Web Over-lander, business manager Bo Roos, agent Charles Feldman, and publicity man Bev

Overlander, a graduate of Yale's College of Fine Arts, and a sculptor who turned to film make-up when he got too hungry, lives next door to Wayne.

Bond, Ford, and Wayne have become known as the "big triumvirate" because of their size and lengthy association.

It all began in 1927 when "Duke" Wayne was attending the University of Southern California, where he was two years behind Bond. During the summer he worked for director Ford as a prop man.

Bond and Wayne got to know each other when Ford commissioned Wayne to round up some football players from among his fellow students for one of Ford's fillms. Bond wasn't invited, but crashed the party, any-

In the 1930s Wayne and Bond weren't working regularly, and Ford would meet them at a Hollywood club every day

for a game of cards. Out of their association one of the strongest bonds of friendship in Hollywood was forged.

Today it is an unspoken rule: Wayne's first commitment for a film is to Ford on the strength of a handshake. And somewhere in the picture you'll find Ward Bond, and usually Paul Fix.

Wayne, who loves guns and hunting, was once hunting with Ward Bond when he mistook him for a deer and shot him in the back of the neck. Wayne carried Bond - no lightweight - nearly two miles to a doctor, fearing each step of the way that he'd killed

1930s when Fix, who was a prominent actor-writer, was just falling down the ladder, while Wayne was on the way up. Wayne hired Fix as his script-man and dialogue

Barnett has been with Wayne for 20 years, and so has Roos,

Once, during the making of "Wings of Eagles" in Florida, Ford thought "Duke" was hitting it up too much with a group of naval airmen stationed nearby,

With no call for the next day, Wayne rolled home at five in the morning, happy as a lark. Half an hour later there was a

10000

General, is car-

ried in state

on a ceremonial occasion.

20000

knock on the door; he was wanted for early

"I didn't do a thing all day," Wayne recalls, "except stand next to the Skipper (Ford) and watch him direct the other actors. It was the longest day in the history of mankind."

Formed in 1952, Batjac Productions, Wayne's own picture company, has already made 18 films.

Preliminary work on its most ambitious undertaking, a Civil War outdoor drama entitled "The Alamo," is at present occupying all Wayne's spare time, and it may mark a milestone in his movie career.

"I've been wanting to make 'The Alamo' for ten years now," Wayne said, "and I hope to get it under way within the next twelve

"I've always wanted to direct a picture, and this could be my debut."

Wayne's children by his first marriage, Michael, 23, Patrick, 19, and Melinda, 16, live with their mother. Toni, 21, and her husband, Don La Cava, who runs Batjac's business office, are about to make Wayne a grandfather for the first time.

Michael and Patrick are also in the movie business. Michael works in Batjac's production department, and Patrick, a student at Loyola University, has appeared in "Mr. Roberts," "The Long Gray Line," "The Searchers," and recently starred in "The Young Land."

Though Wayne didn't finish college, he says of his son, Pat, whom he insists must confine his film-acting to vacations: "He must become a rounded man first, and then he can become an actor. A fellow should understand the world a bit before he decides what to do with himself."

Despite the staggering sums this weatherbeaten veteran can command in pictures, Bev Barnett says he expects his boss to keep to his strenuous programme of film-making.

JOHN WAYNE and his Japanese co-star of "The Barbarian and the Geisha," Eiko Ando. Wayne plays an American diplomat of the last century.

"You see," he explains, "Wayne only broke into the big money in the past decade. The stars before him, such as Dick Powell, Gene Autry, and Bing Crosby, were able to earn their big money in the days before the 90 per cent. tax ate into it.

"They made it, invested it, and today could live off their investments. But with "Duke" it's different. His expenses are of skyscraper proportions, so he's got to keep the money coming in, in order to live as he does."

That's why John Wayne probably will never get around to retiring.

"One day I figure I'll have to step into television," "Duke" Wayne says, "but right now I just don't have time. I want to make sure when I do go into television I make the right move.

"Eventually I guess my film company, Batjac Productions, will create a TV sub-sidiary and make TV films, too, but that's in the future."

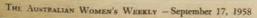
Two roles that found him playing old but strong men are considered by Wayne to be the best work he has ever done.

These were in "Red River" and "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon."

It is interesting to note that in the past two years Wayne has been quietly edging away from Westerns,

In his last three films, "Wings of Eagles," "Legend of the Lost," and "The Barbarian and the Geisha," he has played, respectively, a naval officer, a desert adventurer, and a historical figure.









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#### \*\* THE YOUNG LIONS

war drama, with Marlon Brando, Dean Martin, Montgomery Clift, Hope Lange, May Britt, Barbara Rush. Regent, Sydney.

YOU will enjoy this study of the effect of war on two Americans and an Austrian Nazi, if you haven't read the Irwin Shaw book on which it is based.

based.

In the cause of box-office (and at the star's own behest, too, it is said) the Brando Nazi character has been heavily whitewashed.

Brando, carrying a good deal of excess weight, and with fair hair, is not too impressive as the Nazi officer who is really a nice fellow at heart.

Making her English-speak-ing debut as the wanton wife of his fellow officer, May Britt shows the elements of

exciting screen material.

In a straight dramatic role of a war-shy and marriage-shy American entertainer, Martin does a nice job. So, in the not very exacting role of his girl-friend, does Barbara Rush.

Clift (reputed in his private life to have had a good deal of psychological trouble and ill-ness) is hardly recognisable as his former self, and as the brave, tormented American brave, tormented American Jew walks away with acting honors.

As his wife, Hope Lange is exceptionally tender and

charming.
Though tackled with will and experience, the Shaw book proves cumbersome

## New Film Releases

change from America to Paris, London, Berlin, the Western Desert, and Nor-

And its three paralleled human stories cover the years 1939-45. A lot for any one

In a word . . . MARATHON.

#### \*\* BONJOUR TRISTESSE

Columbia drama, with David Niven, Deborah Kerr, Jean Seberg, Mylene Demongeot, Juliette Greco. In CinemaScope, Technicolar. State, Sydney.

FILMED in color (for happiness) and black and white (for sadness), "Bonjour Tristesse" screen version of the Francoise Sagan novel concerns love and disillusion.

Everything is in monotone for teenager Jean Seberg as for teenager Jean Seberg as she dances to the haunting title melody, recalling the glitter, brittleness, and gaiety of summer on the Riviera. Child of the tiredly sophis-ticated David Niven, Jean spent the summer at a Medi-

terranean villa, the young on-looker at the love affair between Niven and the enchant-ing Mylene Demongeot.

Irresponsible and free, she hated convention, was alarmed when elegant and Givenchy-clad Deborah Kerr arrived on

screen material. Its locations the scene, banishing Demon-change from America to geot, turning Niven's thoughts to marriage

to marriage.

Alarm turned to hostility, to actions against the new arrival which were fated to bring "tristesse" (sadness) for

In some strange way, the amoral, artificial story of "Bonjour Tristesse" seems to be dated, belonging more to the pre-war 1930s than to the mid-century.

Though smoothly acted by the chief participants, and be a u tifully photographed, "Bonjour Tristesse," with its 93-minute running-time, appears too weighty for the slight foundations on which it is built.—H.F.

In a word . . . L'AMOUR.

#### \* HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL

M.G.M. drama, with Russ Tamblyn, Jan Sterling, John Drew Barrymore, and guest stars Mamie Van Doren, Ray Anthony, Jackie Coo-gan, Charles Chaplin, jun. St. James, Sydney.

THIS sensational account of marihuana and heroin addiction among the high-school set has a dialogue so spiced with slang that it is almost incomprehensible to anyone over 21.

And none of the pupils— surely the oldest high-school pupils in the world—looks a day under 25.

#### OUR FILM GRADINGS

\*\* Excellent

Above average \* Average

No stars-below average

Unknown to fellow students at Santa Bello High, and to the audience for most of the film, teenage thrill Russ Tam-blyn is in reality a Federal narcotics agent sent to uncover the drug distribution ring, when he registers as a transfer student from Chicago.

The acting, especially from Russ Tamblyn, and Jan Ster-ling as the schoolteacher, is good, although the bad diction of some of the cast, including John Drew Barrymore, made the language problem even more difficult.

Even the teenagers among the audience seemed lost when the dialogue ventured past the "dig that crazy cat" standard which has so far penetrated to Australia.

The existentialist poem, recited by Phillipa Fallon, which sent the American youth into gales of mirth, left our audi-ence quiet and puzzled. Per-haps we were all "squares."— A.M.B.

In a word . . . IMPROBABLE.

THOSE who saw that fine Western "3.10 to Yuma" will be pleased to hear that David Heilwell, who produced it, has been signed by Morn-ingside Productions to make "Justice Ends with a Gu starring Fred MacMurray. Gun,

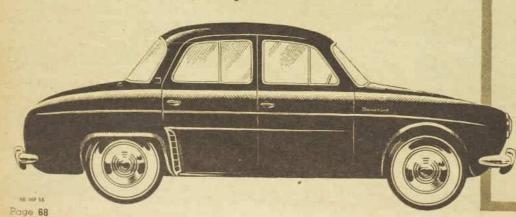


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 17, 1958





TONY CURTIS, as Jackson the white escapee.

only by overcoming mutual hatred could they survive.

#### THE STORY

PRODUCER - DIRECTOR Stanley Kramer, due in Australia next year for "On the Beach," bought the powerful and controversial negro-white drama "The Defiant Ones" three hours after he had read it. Made on a 30-day schedule, it is his 20th film, and marks his return to the comparatively low-cost, high-quality film-making on which his brilliant reputation was built.



SIDNEY POITIER, as the negro escapee





Lon Chaney, jun., plays the role of Big Sam, who saves the escaped convicts from being lynched by a mob.

Cara Williams, promising redheaded actress wife of John Drew Barrymore, is the only woman in the film's cast.





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able to believe that the miracle had happened. Yet the evi-dence was conclusive. It couldn't be just an old tin that couldn't be just an old till that had been washed in during the night—it didn't look old and it didn't look as though it had been washed in. The way the sharp edge had been pressed into the mud was a clear sign a seency, and there into the mud was a clear sign of human agency, and there was only one possible explana-

Charles had found the dinghy, and this was his way of telling her. He must have swum in on the night tide and pushed the tin down through

the water.

The constable had disappeared round the corner of the house. She walked along the edge of the mud and dislodged the tin with her foot. Then, making sure she was still unobserved, she ripped off the colored wrapper and stuffed it deep in the grass that lined the shore. She turned and made her way nonchalantly back to the cottage.

Immediately after breakfast she drove into Rochester again. She did her routine shopping, had lunch in the town, and in the afternoon she and Sergeant Fellowes had a look over the castle. She had rarely felt less like sightseeing, but it seemed better than haunting the creek. When she returned to the Immediately after breakfast

When she returned to the cottage in the early evening, inspector Bates was waiting for her. One glance at his face told her that something unpleasant was in store. His expression was grim; his manner no longer touched with sympathy.

"Miss Forrester, I undergrand that you accepted a trans-When she returned to the

stand that you accepted a trans-ferred-charge telephone call at your flat last Tuesday after-

"Why, yes," she said, struggling hard to keep the fear out of her voice. "At about half-past four?"

"About han!" past four?"
"About then."
"Who was it from?"
"The operator said it was from my brother; that was why I took it."

"And was it?"
"I don't know. The girl told me to go ahead, but nothing happened."
"The operator says she connected you."

"She may have done, but I didn't hear anyone. You know what telephones are like."
"Did you complete."

"Did you complain to the

"No."

"Did you try to get in touch with your brother afterwards and find out what it was all about?"

"No. I'd already decided to come down here, and, as I told you, I didn't want to see anyone—not even John."

"Have you written to him or telephoned him since?"

"No. I've had too much on my mind."

my mind"
"That I can believe," said
Bates dryly. "Miss Forrester,
would it surprise you to learn
that that telephone call was
made from a box very close to
Pentonhurst Prison a few minonhurst Prison a few min-after Charles Hilary es

Kathryn gave him a startled look. "I never thought of that "She broke off, and accomed to consider the idea." Yes, I suppose it could have been Charles." she agreed after a moment. "And that would account for my not having moment "And that vaccount for my not he anything—he must have interrupted."

"You still insist that you didn't speak to him?"

didn't speak to him?"

"I certainly didn't speak to him." She was beginning to feel a little more confident now, if the operator hadn't actually heard them talking to each other, she might still be able to lie her way out.

Bates grunted. "Well, we'll leave that for the time being. Unfortunately you've given me every reason to distrust you."

"I don't see that I have."

"When I saw you last, you gave me to understand that

#### Continuing . . . .

#### Death And The Sky Above

"Well, I've been making some inquiries at the yacht club up the river, It may interest you to know that three people can remember your people can remember your having a dinghy. I'm told that it had the words 'Tender to Spray' painted in white letters on the back. "He paused invitingly. "Well, what have

Kathryn had gone very white. "Oh, that one," she said. "That was a long while ago. I'd almost forgotten it."

ago. I'd almost forgotten it."
"Not so long ago, Miss Forrester. In July, to be exact.
You were seen in the third
week of July, towing it behind
your boat, Spray."
She was silent.
"Why did you tell me that
you hadn't a dinghy? Why did
you say that your boat didn't
need one?"

"I — I don't know. I was

"I — I don't know. I was upset."

"That's no answer at all."

The inspector's tone became sharper. "Let me tell you what I think about all this. I think that the transferred charge call was from Hilary, and that you spoke to him, and that you arranged to pick him up. I think you brought him down here in your car and that he went off in the dinghy. That's why his boots were missing, that's why there was no sign of his clothes. You helped him, and that's why your own boots were wet. Well, Miss Forrester, that's true, isn't it? He went away in the dinghy."

"No." she said faintly. "It's

dinghy."
"No," she said faintly. "It's
not true. I haven't seen him."

"Then why did you lie about the dinghy?"

SHE said: "Be-cause I was afraid. When you came down here and asked me about it I realised that I hadn't seen it and I thought perhaps seen it and I thought perhaps he might have got here before me and gone off in it. After-wards, when I had the chance, I looked to see if there were I looked to see if there were any footmarks in the mud, but there weren't, except those that your policeman had made, so I knew I'd lied for nothing, but it seemed too late then to tell the truth. I'm sure what really happened is that someone stole the dinghy during the summer when we were away for so long. Anyhow, it's ridiculous Where would he go in a dinghy? It was a tiny thing—he couldn't get far."

Bates looked out across the

Bates looked out across the

Bates looked out across the mud flats.
"No," he said thoughtfully, "he couldn't get far. He'd hardly have gone out to sea in it. But he might have taken it to one of those islands out there, full of provisions, mightn't he? He might be there now."
"I'm sure he iso't."

full of provisions, mightn't he? He might be there now."

"I'm sure he isn't."

"We shall see." Bates moved towards the door. "Frankly, Miss Forrester, I don't believe a single word you've told me. I'm certain you know where he is, and I think that by this time tomorrow we shall have him in our hands."

On the morning after the inspector's visit there was a slight heat haze. By the time Charles on the island was able to see the cottage clearly. Kathryn had gone off in her car with her police escort.

Charles took the opportunity to light a small fire and cook himself a hot breakfast, afterwards burying the ash. He had got into the way of regarding low water, with its formidable barrier of mud, as a comparatively safe period, and it was not until the tide began to flow at about cleven that he

mounted his observation post to

hounted his observation pole to keep continuous watch.

It was with Kathryn's return that he felt the first pang of uneasiness. As she got out of the car he saw that her face the car he saw that her face had the set, preoccupied look of someone who was deeply worried, and he missed the quick glance of reassurance that she always threw in his direction. She was carrying a large paper bag in addition to her shopping basket, and she disappeared at once into the house. When she emerged a few minutes later he had a shock. She was wearing a frock he

minutes later he had a shock. She was wearing a frock he had never seen before — a tasteless, garish thing of pillarbox red. It was so unlike her to buy new clothes in a hurry, and such clothes, and at such a time, that he hadn't the least doubt that it was intended as a signal. Some danger was threatened, some danger of which he must be warned. There was only one that Charles could think of: the police must be going to search police must be going to search the islands after all, presumably this tide

He fought down the sudden fear that set his heart pound-ing and tried to consider what he should do. If they were he should do. If they were going to comb the islands he would be much better off on the mainland, but any attempt to get there before high water would mean leaving tracks in the mud which would tell the whole story. And if he waited until high water, the police would be upon him.

There was just a chance.

would be upon him.

There was just a chance, perhaps, that he might be able to give them the slip as they approached — hide on the side of the island away from them and slide quietly into the full creek and swim away unobserved, either to an island they had already searched or to the mainland. mainland

mainland.

The only other possibility was to try to camouflage himself in some way. There was nowhere to hide in this flat, bare, place, but still.

He tried to put himself in the position of the police. They could get into this creek only near the top of the tide. They would have to start at the other

near the top of the tide. They would have to start at the other end of the chain and move in as the channels deepened. By the time they got to Twinney they would be getting tired of scrambling across rills and falling into holes in the saltings and sliding about in the mud. At Twinney their search might well be perfunctory, particularly well be perfunctory, particu-larly as the island had been under surveillance from the cottage for several days.

All the same, the thought of ing in the grass while

cottage for several days.

All the same, the thought of lying in the grass while searchers beat around him was a terrifying one. And he couldn't even be sure of being able to do that — if the police didn't arrive until the tide was at its height, the inside of the island would be å lake, and the sea-wall offered no protection.

He had to do something.

The stores. They would have to be better hidden. First the few remaining tins. He sank them in a muddy pool from which he could easily recover them if he survived. The jerrycans and other impedimenta were more of a problem. Using a piece of driftwood as a trowel, he scooped a deep hole for them in the mud. It was a filthy job, but when he had finished there was a space both for the cans and for the tarpaulin-wrapped bundle. Everything he possessed had gone into the bundle, even the binoculars. He flung the piece of wood in on top and shovelled the mud back with his hands and then smoothed the surface until it was indistinguishable from the rest of the pool.

Then he climbed again to his lookout and gazed around. He felt handicapped without his glasses, afraid he was missing some insignificant detail. But he did not miss the arrival of another police car.

of another police car.

Then, a mile or more away, he saw a dark figure outlined against the sky on the top of one of the islands—then another. They were coming, and from the main channel, as he had expected. Presently they disappeared again, and after a few moments a boat nosed out from behind a promontory. It was a low, fast launch of shallow draught, and there were at least draught, and there were at least half a dozen men in it. Almost at once it shot between two more islands, and again there were figures on the skyline.

For half an hour, Charles watched their progress, and the nearer they got, the higher his fear mounted. They seemed fear mounted. They seemed to be searching thoroughly. Their technique on reaching each island was to drop one or two men and then swiftly encircle it before putting the rest ashore. Obviously, the idea that their quarry might try to swim away had occurred to them—so that was ruled out. Once they landed, they spread out and beat across each piece of ground in line abreast — tough, determined figures in sea-boots, with binoculars and sticks. And

binoculars and sticks. And now Charles saw something else they had a dog with the

As the launch approached the next island, he moved to another part of the wall to get a better view. They were so close now that he could retognize Inspector Bates and hear their voices clearly. He watched them land and begin to work their way forward. They were covering every vard poking covering every yard, poking into rills and slashing at the long grass. Suddenly, Charles saw that he hadn't a chance. In ten minutes they would be on Twinney, and whatever he did they would find him.

did they would find him.

He gazed wildly around. His instinct, like that of any hunted animal, was to run—to swim away, make a dash for the mainland. But the crowd by the cottage had grown, and they were all looking now in his direction. He'd be spotted at once.

at once.

He wondered how long he could swim underwater. Not long enough to escape detection, he was sure. Suppose he got into the water with just his head showing? The tide was beginning to flow through the breach in the sea wall, a racing stream, brown and turgid. If he got down into that stuff, would they notice his head? If only he could burrow like the crabs!

the crabs!

As the idea came to him, his skin crawled. It was so ghastly, so hideous in its possibilities, that the very thought filled him with nausea—but was it any worse than being caught and dragged back to the scaffold? Could anything be worse than that?

The having of the dog drove

The baying of the dog drove him into action. Stripping of his shorts and shirt, he plunged them deep into the stream, with them deep into the stream, with a stone on top to hold them down. Then he ran to a pool and thrust his arm into the reedy mud at its edge, testing the depth. The stuff was sloppy, like thick brown cream, but it seemed to have a firm bottom. He scooped up a double handful and swarmed it thickly over his face and hair, closing his eyes. Then, stark, naked, he stepped into the pool and lay down full length in the liquid mud.

Flat on his back, with his head almost touching the reeds and his feet out towards the

and his feet out towards the centre, he began to work his body down into the ooze. At first he sank quickly, so that

for a terrible moment he thought he was going down for good. But the mud, though good. But the mud, though soft, was nowhere deep, and soon he felt it firm under his spine. It was very cold. He continued to wriggle, moving his buttocks, his shoulders, his neck and head. He felt the mud around his armpit, round his hips. Little by little, he was working his way down. A chill trickle ran over his stomach. His feet were under, his neck was under. He wonhis neck was under. He won-dered if he would ever be able to get out again. The mud ran into his ears and the world became soundless. He was almost covered.

He pushed his head down till only his eyes and mouth and nose were above the surface. There were only two things in

There were only two things in his consciousness now. Death, and the sky above.

He knew almost nothing of what happened after that. No voice could reach him, and even if he had dared, it was impossible for him to turn his head. He guessed they were there all around him, but only for one instant did he know for certain—when his eyes, squinting out through half-shut, muddy lids, sensed a sea-boot in the grass beside him, and he thought, for a horrible moment, thought, for a horrible moment.

it was going to step on him. But the shadow moved away, and all was stillness again. He

didn't know whether they had gone or whether they were still combing the island. He was more frightened now of the mud than of the searchers—the mud and the cramping cold. He lay motiocless, fighting his panic. All sense of time had left him—and he knew only that he must stick it to the that he must stick it to the limit of endurance.

That limit came sooner than he expected. Water suddenly ran into his eyes. The tide had reached him! He must struggle out now, even if he emerged at their very feet. He drew his arms back and clenched his fists and pressed downwards and forwards with his knuckles. His head came un an inch or two head came up an inch or two so that he could breathe again, out the suction of the mud held his body fast. He strained and twisted, trying to turn first to one side and then to the other, but he could get no grip on anything so he settled back.

It was no use just struggling he told himself—he must be slow and deliberate.

For a few seconds he rested his aching muscles and then tried a different method, drawing his feet up until his knees broke the surface and then pressing down against the firm bottom with his heels, trying to lever himself out head first.

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Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull, or realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff). though it's often in the hair without being seen

THE ANSWER: Loxene medicated shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, really cleans away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dan-druff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly-it is the natural way to beautiful hair

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# and now ...

for your added convenience, a tear-off strip for easy opening of outer wrap, also slip-top inner foil.



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This time he made a little pro-gress, and he continued in the same way. Once or twice his feet slipped and shot forward, and he lost much of what he'd gained, but he knew now that he could do it. The mud was getting softer and less tenacious as it absorbed the flowing water.

as it absorbed the flowing water.

Soon he felt the prick of grass
under his neck. He heaved
and pushed with new vigor, and
his shoulders slowly emerged.
He raised his hips and they
came up with a great, sucking
plop. He gave a last shove
with his heels, and a moment
later he was lying safe on the
saltings.

later he was lying safe on the saltings.

Shakily he struggled to his knees. He was a hideously coated figure—an apparition to scare a man out of his wits if there had been any man to see. But there wasn't as he clawed mud from his face and opened his eyes, he saw that he had the island to himself again.

He shook some of the mud.

He shook some of the migram his ears and wiped I hands on the grass and climb cautiously to the lookout. T cautiously to the lookout. The police launch was tied up near the cottage and there were two groups of men standing in knots beside the shingle. Kathry was there, too, still in her red frock. She was talking to Bates.

Presently the

Presently the groups broke up. Some of the men went to their cars, and five of the searchers got back into the launch. Its engine burst into

launch. Its engine burst into life and, with a roar and a fine bow wave, it slipped past Twinney Island and disappeared in the distance.

Weary but triumphant, he dropped to the saltings again and lay down in the warm, gently flowing water and started to remove the traces of his or-

The assistant commissioner ushed back his papers and oked up from his desk. "All ght. Inspector," he said riskly. "let's hear the details."

right, Inspector, he said briskly, 'let's hear the details.'

With an expression of deep gloom, Inspector Bates unrolled a large-scale map of the Medway district and spread it out on the A.C.'s table.

"Well, sir," he said, "we carried out the search exactly as arranged."

"And there wasn't a trace?"

"Not a trace," said the Inspector disgustedly.

"Too had." The A.C. studied the map. "Could he have hidden the dinghy at the water's edge, do you suppose, and made his way ashore when he saw you coming?"

Bates shook his head. "There

Bates shook his head. 'There was no sign of the boat any-

"Hm. Well, what are the chances that Hilary might have slipped out to sea in this dinghy of his?"

dinghy of his?"

"All the constguards and signal stations were alerted the night he escaped, sir, and nothing unusual's been reported. I think he'd certainly have been spotted before he got far if he'd tried to put to sea in a cockleshell like that. Of course, he might have come to grief."

grief."

The A.C. gave a wry smile.
"That would be very convenient, but we can hardly assume
it without evidence. I should imagine something would have been washed ashore. Still, where is the boat? A dinghy loaded with supplies could hardly disannear overright. I think wellappear overnight. I think we've to face it, Inspector — it ks very much as though ve been on the wrong

track.
"After all, the girl did have

an answer to everything."
"Yes, that's true enough,
Bates admitted, "We've had he inder surveillance day and night, and she's made no attempt to communicate with

The A.C. went on: "I sugtest we give her a break for few days—leave her alone and

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# Death And The Sky Above

give her the feeling she's absolutely safe. Then we'll sud-denly crack down again. If she does know where he is, we're much more likely to get results

After the intolerable agony of the morning, Kathryn felt almost lightheaded with joy. She had no idea how Charles could have managed it, but he was still free.

For the first time since their parting under the sea wall, she could feel a reasonable hope that she would soon be able to see him again. But not yet! First, she must make absolutely certain that the cottage was no longer being watched and that she herself was free to move about without being followed. Both these things were more likely to happen, she decided, if she left the district as she had already half planned to do, and went to some place where the innocence of her activities could be established.

This was surprisingly easy.

This was surprisingly easy. In a brief interview with the crestfallen inspector, she said she was tired of being badgered she was tired of being badgered by newspaper men. Disarm-ingly, she confided to Bates that she would be staying with her brother in Norwich and begged him not to disclose the fact to the Press. That night she drove

Her stay in Norwich proved to be a stern exercise in self-discipline. It was even harder to keep away from the cottage than she had expected it would

She tried to turn the sleepless She tried to turn the sleepless hours at night to profit by considering the tasks that lay ahead. She found herself thinking about Louise Hilary and wondering if there weren't someway in which she could personably probe the dead woman's secret history. Only sheer physical prostration had prevented her from making the attempt after the trial, and it still seemed to be the most hopeful line of inquiry.

Meanwhile, in case the police

line of inquiry.

Meanwhile, in case the police should be watching her, she behaved at all times in a determinedly unsuspicious manner. By day she stuck closely to her sister-in-law, Muriel, shopping with her and taking the children for walks and helping in the house. In the exercises children for walks and helping in the house. In the evenings she stayed indoor. Though she often longed to share her real trouble, she knew she must keep her own counsel about Charles, for his sake and for everyone-les's. She continued, therefore, to play the part of a woman deeply anxious about the fate of her missing lover and totally ignorant of his whereabouts.

By the gnd of the third day

By the end of the third day she felt satisfied that her police escort had been withdrawn. She had kept a careful lookout She had kept a careful lookout during a trip to the sea in her car with the young Forrester family, and no one had followed them. By now the newspapers must know where she was, for people frequently recognised her in the streets and word would have got about, but she had no more trouble with reporters. The papers, having printed everything about the hunt that they could think of, were contenting themselves with brief daily paragraphs headed "Hilary Still Missing," The heat was off.

On the fourth day she re-

Missing." The heat was off.

On the fourth day she returned to London. She did some shopping, and the same evening, after dark, she drove down to the Medway. Her plans were fluid. If by any chance the police were still hanging about the creek, she was prepared to walk round the sea-wall and swim out to the island as Charles had done on the night of his escape. If the police had gone, it would

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be a simple matter for him to

be a simple matter for him to join her at the cottage. In fact, the place appeared to be descreed when she pulled up by the shingle just after midnight. There were no cars or lights, no stealthy footsteps, no sounds at all but the plaint-ive calling of curlews.

In case her llashing head-lights had failed to waken Charles, she slammed the car door several times to announce her arrival. Then she lit the sitting-room lamp and stood silhouetted for a while in the doorway

She was just beginning to feel a little concerned at his lack of response when a sound reached her that no night bird reached her that no night bird could have made — a faint wolf-whistle out of the darkness. Satisfied, she turned and began to consider the preparations she must make. He would want a good meal when he came, and a hot drink, and opened the cottage door so that the light would guide him and gazed with straining eyes across

A shaft of moonlight sud-denly broke through the clouds, and in that moment she caught the gleam of his wet body and the white flash of his arms. He was swimming in fast. It seemed only a matter of seconds before he had struggled out on to the shingle and joined her

to the shingle and policy "Kathryn!"
"Darling!" she said in a breathless whisper, "Oh, darling!" She drew him into the house and quickly shut the

He took her in his arms held her close, his bearded face rough against her cheek. She felt the wetness of him spaking through her clothes, but clung to him, oblivious of everything but the ecstasy of their meet-

"Kathryn!" he murmured again, as though he couldn't say her name often enough. "How I've longed for this

'We are desperate. I won't stend I like the idea, but what's the alternative?

what's the alternative.

She wished she could have produced a cut-and-dried plan, but all she could say was:

"Somehow or other to prove your innocence, I suppose."

He shook his head. "It's not realistic, darling. There are only two possible ways of doing that — to find out who really killed Louise, or to establish my alibi for the time when she was killed — and I don't see any prospect of doing either."
"I'm not so sure," she said earnestly. "I did some thinking, too, while I was at Norwich—about Louise, and those hotel visits of hers. I'm certain we were right about her meeting some man — she just wasn't He shook his head, "It's not alistic, darling. There are

some man — she just wasn't the sort of woman to go away on her own. And if we could discover who it was . . .

"But all that was gone into at the time."

"Oh, I know Fairey, your solicitor, employed inquiry agents, but we can't really know how good they were, do we? They may have been most efficient, but I always felt I'd much sooner trust moself or a efficient, but I always felt I'd much sooner trust myself on a job like that. I believe if I went to stay at those hotels I might find out something." He considered. "Even if you did, it would take ages to prove anything. What would I be doing in the meantime?" "Coulder, were store or the

"Couldn't you stay on the island just a little longer? Oh, darling, I know it's horrible for you; it must seem as though you're the only person left alive in the world, but at least it's safe. We would easily stock it with provisions now that we're not being watched, and we might even fix up some sort of shelter for you.

"No. I may find muself

"No, I may find myself stuck here, and I don't believe anyone could survive a winter on Twinney Island," replied

She gave an involuntary shiver. "That's impossible, of course — but surely there's some place you could hide somewhere a bit more comfortable where I could still keep you supplied?"

"Let us face it, Kathryn — there isn't.
"Not in England. I'm too.

"Not in England. I'm too well known by now, and everybody's looking out for me. We've survived these few days because we've had a lot of luck and the weather's been perfect, but if we try our luck too far we shall come to grief. Something will go wrong—one of us will make a mistake—and that will be the end. If I stay in this country I shall be caught—there's nothing as certain as that. It's a hard thing to have to admit, but flight is my only chance—and the sooner the better." ot in England. I'm too

Kathryn studied his drawn, determined face and suddenly she knew that any more argu-ment would be a waste of breath. "You've made up your mind, haven't you?"
"Yes. I think I must take

"Yes. I think I must take the boat while I can. Peter has the Witch moored at Upnor. I shall just have to borrow

it.
"All right," she said quietly.
"When do we start?"
"I'll have to make the cross-

"You know I won't let you do that."

I must, Kathryn. I'm not

just trying to save you a bad trip: I've worked it all out, and there's no other way. I don't mean that you shouldn't come to France, but you've got to be there strictly on the level, with there strictly on the level, with a properly stamped passport. Then you, at least, will be able to move and make arrangements without lear of the police. You'll be able to change money at the banks, for one thing—they always want to see one's passport. You'll be able to travel feath year. one's passport. You'll be able to travel freely too you'll be able to come back to England any time you like and see lawyers and people. You'll be able to make those hotel inquirles later on. But if we both go over in Witch and land surreptitiously, we'll neither of us hamstrung

"Yes, I see that, of course," she said slowly.

she said slowly.

He went on quickly: "What I suggest is that you go back to town and collect your foreign currency allowance and your passport and a case of things, and then cross openly to Galais and wait for me there. I can't be sure when I'll arrive, but whenever it is I'll try to make a landfall after dark, and we must have elastic arrangement about meeting. After that, we'll decide on the next step."

"Will you still have to keen."

Will you still have to keep hidden?

"I expect so, up to a point, but it'll be much safer there than here. Of course, the French police may have been warned to keep an eye open for me, but at least my face won't be known to every man and but at least my face won't be known to every man and woman in the street. And there's the climate to think of—we can work our way down south, and even if I have to sleep out for a while, it won't matter. ..." He caught her look of dismay. "I'm sorry, matter. ." He caught her look of dismay. "I'm sorry, sweetheart, I'm afraid it's not much of a prospect, and I'll still have to rely on you at every turn.

"That's not what's worrying me," she said. "It's the prac-tical difficulties. For one thing, a single travel allowance isn't going to last us long. What shall we do for francs when it's sone?"

"There must be ways of get-ting hold of more—other people seem to manage it. I don't think that'll be an insuperable problem."

She met his gaze unhappily.

There's another thing, Charles.
Surely when the police hear a
Mcdway boat has been ahandoned off the French coast
they're bound to guess that it
was you who took her? And
then they'll know where you've
landed."

landed."
"I thought of that," he said.
"I'm afraid we'll have to sink her offshore. I shall hate doing it, but we can get Peter a new boat in the end, and I'm sure he'll forgive me."

She nodded—it was a measure of their desperation that the scuttling of a friend's boat seemed almost a trifling matter.

For a while she sat in de-jected silence, thinking about the plan.

"Well, I suppose it might work," she said at last, "and I do realise how important it is that I should be free to move about. All the same, couldn't I come part of the way with you?"

"Part of the way? How?"
"Well, we'd have to work it all out, but you'll have a dinghy, and I should think you could put me ashore near Dover after dark if we timed it carefully. I'd be with you for three-quarters of the trip, and you'd only have the actual Channel crossing to do by yourself."
"It would be taking an early!

"It would be taking an awful chance. Timing things care-fully in a small boat isn't easy. No. darling . . ."

"At least, there's a little more hope if we hoth go, I admit I'm not much good with boats, but I can hold the tiller while you get some rest, and that's the most important thing. Charles, you know I'm right about this. Take me to Dover."

For a while he didn't answer her. It wasn't an easy decision. There was the personal risk to Kathryn, and the chance that he might not be able to land her. But he knew in his heart that she was right about the single-handed passage. The least bit of bad weather would defeat him.

"All right, darling," he said at last. "We'll start together.

To be concluded

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 17, 1958



something to keep him warm while they talked.

She fetched the rug from the car, and some wood for the sitting-room fire. As soon as she had got a cheerful blaze going she heated coffee and soup and filled two new yacuum flasks. she heated coffee and soup and filled two new vacuum flasks. Almost all the stores had dis-appeared from the larder, but she had foreseen that he might have visited the cottage in her absence and had brought plenty of food with her.

When she had done all she could in anticipation of his needs, she lay down on the settee to wait. The tides were much later than when she had been here last — it would be nearly four o'clock in the morning before these

nearly four o'clock in the morning before there was enough water for him to get ashore without leaving marks.

As the hours wore on, she dozed fiffully. At half-past three she got up and went outside. The air had become very close, and she had a feeling that the long spell of fine weather might be drawing to an end. It looked as though she had come back none too soon.

By now the moon had risen

come back none too soon.

By now the moon had risen behind the clouds and the line of the island was much clearer. The creek, already covered from bank to bank with gleaming water, looked tranquil and lovely; the soft gurgle of the flowing tide was soothing. Not much longer, she thought. In half an hour there would be a depth of two feet over the mud, and that would be enough for him.

and that would be enough for him.

She sat down on the shingle, listening and watching. Somewhere out there, across the ribbon of silver, he must be listening and watching, too. It seemed weeks since she had parted from him, and years since she had felt his arms around her.

Then, at last, she heard is

Then, at last, she heard a new sound from the direction of the island — the splash of water. He was coming! She

just to have you back!" He held her face so that he could look at her and kissed her lips, and then drew her close to him again. "It's been lonely without

"My love! You know I didn't want to leave you, don't you? I only went because it seemed the best way to get rid of the police..." "You've been wonderful, Kathryn, completely wonderful. I'm sure it was the right thing to do . " He kissed her

again.

She became practical.

"There's food all ready," she said. "We'll talk in a minute."

She gave him a rug and made him sit by the fire while she fetched soup and ham and new brown bread.

He fell to, ravenously. While he at a he studied him he see studied him for the said.

ate she studied his face "You've lost weight, darling. Do you feel all right?"

"I'm fine?" he said. "Hard as nails. Has anything hap-pened? Any new develop-ments?"

She told him what little there She told him what little there was, and he told her how he had escaped police inspection on the island. He are while they talked, and presently he pushed his plate aside and sat back with a long sigh of satisfaction. "Gosh, that was good — I'd almost forgotten what real food tasted like."

She lit a cigarette for him and poured out coffee. "How long will you be able to stay

Not more than an hour.

"Then we mustn't waste time. What are we going to do? Have you thought?"

"Twe you thought?

"Twe done nothing clse but think." He drew slowly on his cigarette. "I believe there's only one hope for me. I'll have to get Peter's yacht and somehow cross to France."

She looked at him aghast.
"But darling, you don't know
how . It's too desperate.
You've never ..."

National Library of Australia

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# BOND'S fit you best... from briefest briefs to xxos panties!



tontails

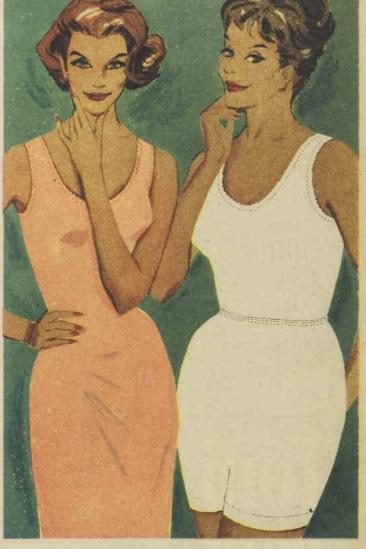
the snug-fitting, comfortable briefs

 Designed by Munsingwear, U.S.A.
 The comfortable elastic waistband lasts the life of the briefs
 They never, never wrinkle or ride up • Smoothly knitted of soft, light-weight cotton (and highly absorbent) • "Action Gusset" for

easy walking • Nylon reinforced legbands for snug fit
• Wash easily, dry quickly, no ironing.
• Colours for schoolgirls — white, grey, navy, fawn, Girls' sizes 3 to 13, SSW-W Lightweight cotton from 5/11, Interlock, also in peach, from 6/3.

Lightweight cotton. Interlock, also in peach, 7/11,

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 17, 1958



The larger your size, the more you'll appreciate the cut and generous fit of BOND'S

Tru-size Rayon

PANTIE, VEST, BLOOMERS, SLIP IN EVERY SIZE UP TO XXOS!

Bond's "Tru-size" fits you per-fectly every time — no tightness, chafing or skimping means "Trusize" lasts longer, too. Rayon undies are cool, wash and dry quickly, need only the touch of a warm iron.

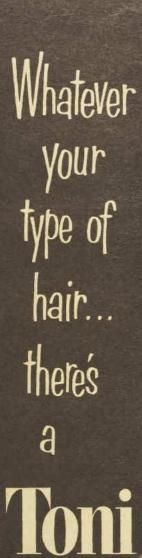
	SW-05	xos	XXOS
Vest Pantie	7/11	9/6	10/6
Slip	12/6	13/11	15/11
	W-OS	xos	XXOS
Bloomers	8/11	9/11	10/11



"Betty Bond"

For comfort and fit, it must be knit ... buy





**PERM** 

HOME



TONI SUPER is for teenage hair . . . gives a super wave to hair that's young and vital. And it's perfect, too, for hair that is slow to take a curl or resists ordinary permanents. With Super you'll get carefree frolicky waves and there won't be a whisper of after-wave dryness You can shampoo straight after waving if you wish, because your beautiful Toni is there to stay.

Your hair is a living, growing miracle with

individual needs. So let your hair choose

the Toni tailor-made for your type. There's Super,

the perfect wave of your life!

For exciting first perms...

or hard-to-wave hair

-ask for TONI SUPER

Regular and Gentle . . . one to give you

It's the lastingest, loveliest wave. Do try it soon!

13/-

ends all under-waving or over-waving worries. Toni Kit with Applicator, 16/6

and of course there's Tip Toni for end-curls only 9'-

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# I REA

For week beginning September 15



ARIES The Ram



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL, 21-MAY 30 ky number this we color for love, blue ing colors, blue, vi



The Twins



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 23-JULY 22 Lucky number this we ky color for love, yellow, a mbling colors, yellow, a ky days, Tuesday, Su ik in doing minor proje



The Lion



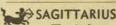
VIRGO





SCORPIO

The Scorpion







AQUARIUS The Waterbearer



PISCES

The Fish UARY 20-MARCH 20 number this week, 2, dor for love, rose, g g colurs, rose, black tys, Tursday, Saturday,

F4948. Three - piece designed with form-fitting lines. Sizes 32 to 38in bust. Requires 6\$yds. 36in. material, 3yds. ∦in. ribbon, and 5yds. lace edging. Price 4/9.

# Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney, Postal address, Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney, Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

#### PATTERN FOR BEGIN-NERS

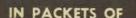
F4953.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make lace-trimmed Empire-line slip. Sizes 32 to 38in, bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material, 4yd. 36in. lace, 1-3rd yd. 36in. net, and 24yds. \$in. lace insertion. Price 2/6.



Here's wonderful news!

# Modess

MASSLINN or GAUZE cover



FOR ONLY

Wonderful News! Modess with super-soft Masslinn cover or gauze cover, as you prefer; both now in packets of 24 at the new low price of 5/6. Buy Modess 24's and save 4d.

MODESS MASSLINN OR GAUZE IN PACKETS OF 12 STILL ONLY 2'11

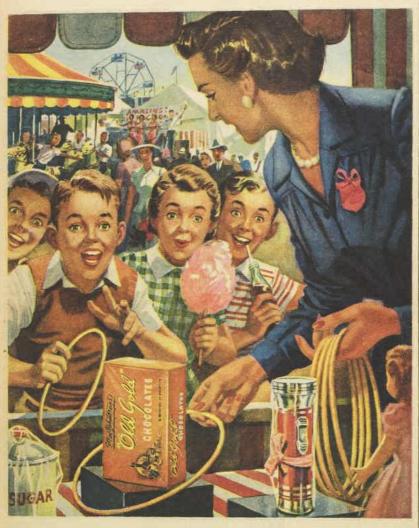
Product of Johnson & Johnson-the most trusted name in surgical drossing



Corrective Stockings (Invisible under sheer nylons) Prescribed by Doctors, ASK YOUR CHEMIST.



### Sugar belongs to the sweetest moments of your life



#### Hoopla!

Remember the thrill of winning your first box of chocolates? The pride that only a nine-year-old could know as the hoop landed over the prize? It was a thrilling moment, a sweet moment that you will always remember,
Sugar is associated with many

"sweet moments" because it is an important ingredient of many delicious foods. A properly balanced diet should include body building foods such as meat and eggs; protective foods like milk, fruit and vegetables; and energy foods like sugar, bread and potatoes.



Large cranes, installed in 1955, mechanically unload bulk raw sugar at the C.S.R. Company's Pyrmont refinery, Sydney.

THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING COMPANY LTD.

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IANDRAKE: Master magi-cian, uses his powerful hyp-notic mind against the thought blocks sent out by the tiny scouts from a foreign planet. He forces the strange little men to bring back PRINCESS NARDA to her normal size. At first she grows too much, and towers over Mandrake, but the tiny stranger finally brings her

back to her former height. Then Mandrake learns from Then Mandrake learns from the aliens that a million rocket ships from the third planet of the star CYNI II in outer space are circling 5000 miles above the earth. The crew are waiting to receive reports that their race is stronger than Man before they invade Earth. NOW READ ON:













IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY







THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 17, 1958



SO SCHOLL 2-WAY STRETCH IC YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY



Highlight your hair as you set it with





#### FACIAL HAIRS

**Effective Home Treatment** 

Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "VANIX" devitalising treat-ment "VANIX" penetrates deep in-to hair tissues and kills the roots without offecting the skin.

#### "VANIX"

is only 7/11 a bottle from oil branches of Woshington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcostle; Swifts Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myor Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boans Ltd., Parth Mail order (9)- including postage) from above. or direct from The

"VANIX" Co. (Dept. W.1), Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

THE Australian Women's Wherly - September 17, 1958







WELL... YOU HAVE TO MAKE A
VERY DELIBERATE EFFORT.... YOU
OUGHT TO TRY A GYGTEM.

LIKE-WHY DON'T YOU MAKE A
LIGT OF TWELVE NAMES AND GIT
DOWN FOR AN HOUR EVERY DAY
AND JUST THINK OF EACH
PERSON FOR FIVE MINUTES





#### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- Musical instrument for fishermen but not for anglers (8).
- Weapon for husbands but not for the stay-at-home type (4).
- 9. Spherical bout (5).
- 10. Make short a sailor on a range of hills
- 11. They may produce potatoes (6).
- 12. This type of animal is not red (6).
- For a wounded soldier or for fertilising the soil (5, 8).
- 17. Go with Alan to this African country (6).
- 19. The eyes have them (6).
- Come before with a broken creed in the heart (7).
- 24. State coalmine in N.S.W. (5).
- Oriental coin accepted anywhere (4).
   Menace with net heart (8).



- 1. Vehicle at small weight (5).
- 2. Trip with the holy Uriah Heep (7).
- 3. Unite the head of a viper
- 4. Dash which may be lean
- Spoon made by the French following a young man (5). Cry of a sheep uttered by a feeble attorney (5).
- Offsprings of a Bachelor of Surgery carrying the cruci-fix (6).

Solution will be published next week.

- Skill in martyrdom (3).
- American statesman with a gloomy head (6). Pressing in canonised insect
- Savory dish in jelly topped with a snake (5).
- 18. Musical compositions (5),
- Shirk a girl round anno domini (5).
- Win as a country gallant
- A snare placed in a game shelter (4).



-a whisper of far-away placesan invisible visa to romantic experience-so very sophisticated

Costly Passport perfumes a wide selection of bath luxuries, Talc, Skin Perfume, Cologne Stick, Bath Blossoms, Soap.

PASSPORT PERFUME

6/- TO £6/15/-



# **Australian furniture is** protected by famous Marveer polish

Just a few drops take off scratches and stains . . . put on lustre and life!

In the one effortless operation you CLEAN and POLISH with Marveer . Nature's own food for furniture and woodwork. Marveer removes scratches, dull spots and stains as it polishes

Fine for refrigerators -Laminex, too!

Marveer will give a sparkling new look to all baked entimel and plastic surfaces. Your Also in U gollon cons for hospitals institutional and commercial users

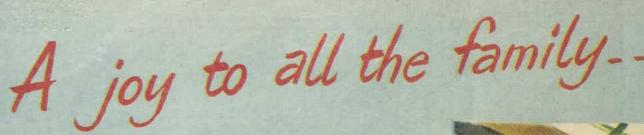
refrigerator, stove front, elec-tric mixer, telephone, wireless cabinet, leatherette upholstery and children's toyy can be

A product of

Arthur Brunt Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, N.10, Vic

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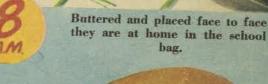




Here is a goodness that is modern and traditionalnourishing biscuits so fresh, so right, so welcome for morning tea and - when buttered such a popular lift for school lunches.



They will brighten up your morning tea.





Arnott's famous

MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits

HERE'S MY "RACING FOOD"



There is no Substitute for Quality

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